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THE
THIRD PART
OF
King *HENRY VI.*

With the Death of the
DUKE of *YORK.*

By *SHAKESPEAR.*



L O N D O N :

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MDCCXXXV.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry VI.

Edward, Son to the King, and Prince of Wales.

Duke of Somerset,

Earl of Northumberland,

Earl of Oxford,

Earl of Exeter,

Earl of Westmoreland,

Lord Clifford,

} Lords of King Henry's side.

Earl of Richmond, a Youth, afterwards King Henry VII.

Richard, Duke of York.

Edward, eldest Son to the Duke of York, afterwards King Edward IV.

George, Duke of Clarence, second Son to the Duke of York.

Richard, Duke of Gloucester, third Son to the Duke of York, afterwards King Richard III.

Edmund, Earl of Rutland, youngest Son to the Duke of York.

Duke of Norfolk,

Marquess of Montague,

Earl of Warwick,

Earl of Salisbury,

Earl of Pembroke,

Lord Hastings,

Lord Stafford,

} Of the Duke of York's Party.

Sir John Mortimer,

Sir Hugh Mortimer,

} Uncles to the Duke of York.

Sir William Stanly, afterwards Earl of Derby.

Lord Rivers, Brother to the Lady Gray.

Sir John Montgomery.

Lieutenant of the Tower.

Mayor of Coventry.

Mayor and Aldermen of York.

Humphry and Sinklo, two Huntsmen.

Lewis King of France.

Bourbon, Admiral of France.

Queen Margaret.

Bona, Sister to the French King.

Lady Gray, Widow of Sir Richard Gray, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.

Soldiers and other Attendants on King Henry, and King Edward.

In Part of the Third Act the SCENE is laid in France, during all the rest of the Play in England.

The



The Third PART of
King *H E N R Y VI.*



ACT I. SCENE I.

Alarum. Enter Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Mountague, Warwick, and Soldiers.

W. ck.



Wonder how the King escap'd our Hands?

York. While we pursu'd the Horsemen of the North, He sily stole away, and left his Men:

Whereat the great Lord of *Northumberland,*

Whose warlike Ears could never brook Retreat, Chear'd up the drooping Army, and himself, Lord *Clifford* and Lord *Stafford* all a-breast, Charg'd our main Battel's Front; And breaking in Were by the Swords of common Soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord *Stafford's* Father, Duke of *Buckingham,* Is either slain or wounded dangerous.

I cleft his Beaver with a down-right blow: That this is true, Father behold his Blood.

A 2

Mount.

The Third Part of

Mount. And, Brother, here's the Earl of *Wiltshire's* Blood,
Whom I encountred as the Battels join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

Terk. *Richard* hath best deserv'd of all my Sons :

But is his Grace dead, my Lord of *Somerset*?

Nor. Such hope have all the Line of *John of Gaunt*.

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King *Henry's* Head.

War. And so do I, victorious Prince of *York*.

Before I see thee seated in the Throne,
Which now the House of *Lancaster* usurps,
I vow by Heav'n, these Eyes shall never close.

This is the Palace of the fearful King,
And this the Regal Seat ; possess it *York*,
For this is thine, and not King *Henry's* Heirs.

York. Assist me then, sweet *Warwick*, and I will ;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Nor. We'll all assist you, he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks gentle *Norfolk* ; stay by me my Lords,
And Soldiers stay and lodge by me this Night.

[*They go up.*]

War. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

York. The Queen this Day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her Counsel ;
By Words or Blows here let us win our Right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this House.

War. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless *Plantagenet*, Duke of *York*, be King,
And bashful *Henry* depos'd, whose Cowardise
Hath made us by-words to our Enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my Lords, be resolute,
I mean to take Possession of my Right.

War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest He that holds up *Lancaster*,
Dares stir a Wing, if *Warwick* shake his Bells.
I'll plant *Plantagenet*, root him up who dare :
Resolve thee *Richard*, claim the *English* Crown.

Enter King *Henry*, *Clifford*, *Northumberland*, *Westmor-*
land, *Exeter*, and others.

K. Henry. My Lords, look where the sturdy Rebel sits,
Even in the Chair of State ; belike he means,
Back'd by the Power of *Warwick*, that false Peer,

To

To aspire unto the Crown, and Reign as King,
 Earl of *Northumberland*, he slew thy Father,
 And thine, Lord *Clifford*, and you have both vow'd revenge
 On him, his Sons, his Favourites, and his Friends.

North. If I be not, Heav'ns be reveng'd on me.

Cliff. The hope thereof makes *Clifford* mourn in Steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? Let's pluck him down.
 My Heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of *Westmorland*.

Cliff. Patience is for Poltroons, and such is he:
 He durst not sit there had your Father liv'd.
 My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament
 Let us assail the Family of *York*.

North. Well hast thou spoken, Cousin be it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not the City favours them,
 And they have Troops of Soldiers at their beck?

West. But when the Duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from *Henry's* Heart,
 To make a Shambles of the Parliament House.

Cousin of *Exeter*, Frowns, Words, and Threats,
 Shall be the War that *Henry* means to use.

Thou factious Duke of *York*, descend my Throne. [*To the Duke*
 And kneel for Grace and Mercy at my Feet,
 I am thy Sovereign.

York. Henry, I am thine.

Exe. For shame come down, he made thee Duke of
York.

York. It was my Inheritance, as the Earldom was.

Exe. Thy Father was a Traitor to the Crown.

War. Exeter thou art a Traitor to the Crown,
 In following this usurping *Henry*.

Cliff. Whom should he follow, but his natural King?

War. True *Clifford*, and that's *Richard* Duke of *York*.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne?

York. It must and shall be so, content thy self.

War. Be Duke of *Lancaster*, let him be King.

West. He is both King and Duke of *Lancaster*,
 And that the Lord of *Westmorland* shall maintain.

War. And *Warwick* shall disprove it. You forget
 That we are those which chas'd you from the Field,

And flew your Fathers, and with Colours spread
March'd through the City to the Palace Gates.

North. Yes, *Warwick*, I remember it to my Grief.
And by his Soul, thou and thy House shall rue it.

West. *Plantagenet*, of thee and these thy Sons,
Thy Kinsmen, and thy Friends, I'll have more Lives
Than drops of Blood were in my Father's Veins.

Clif. Urge it no more, lest that instead of Words
I send thee, *Warwick*, such a Messenger,
As shall revenge his Death before I stir.

War. Poor *Clifford*! how I scorn his worthless Threats,

Tork. Will you, we shew our Title to the Crown?
If not, our Swords shall plead it in the Field.

K. Henry. What Title hast thou, Traitor, to the Crown?
Thy Father was, as thou art, Duke of *Tork*,
Thy Grandfather *Roger Mortimer*, Earl of *March*.
I am the Son of *Henry* the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the *French* to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their Towns and Provinces.

War. Talk not of *France*, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Henry. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd I was but nine Months old.

Rich. You are old enough now,
And yet methinks you lose:
Father, tear the Crown from the Usurper's Head.

Edw. Sweet Father do so, set it on your Head.

Mount. Good Brother,
As thou lov'st and honourest Arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand caveling thus.

Rich. Sound Drums and Trumpets, and the King will
fly.

Tork. Sons Peace.

K. Hen. Peace thou, and give King *Henry* leave to speak.

War. *Plantagenet* shall speak first: Hear him Lords,
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him, shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly Throne,
Wherein my Grandfire and my Father sat?

No; first shall War unpeople this my Realm;
Ay, and their Colours often born in *France*,
And now in *England*, to our Hearts great Sorrow,
Shall be my Winding-sheet: Why faint you, Lords?

M,

My Title's good, and better far than his.

War. But prove it, *Henry*, and thou shalt be King.

K. Hen. *Henry* the Fourth by Conquest got the Crown.

Tork. 'Twas by Rebellion against his King.

K. Hen. I know not what to say, my Title's weak:
Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heir?

Tork. What then?

K. Hen. And if he may, then am I lawful King
For *Richard*, in the view of many Lords,
Resign'd the Crown to *Henry* the Fourth,
Whole Heir my Father was, and I am his.

Tork. He rose against him, being his Sovereign,
And made him to resign his Crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my Lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his Crown?

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his Crown,
But that the next Heir should succeed and reign.

K. Henry. Art thou against us, Duke of *Exeter*?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

Tork. Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not?

Exe. My Conscience tells me, he is lawful King.

K. Henry. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. *Plantagenet*, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that *Henry* shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd:

'Tis not thy Southern Power
Of *Essex*, *Norfolk*, *Suffolk*, nor of *Kent*,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke up in despight of me.

Cliff. King *Henry*, be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vows to fight in thy defence;
May that Ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my Father.

K. Hen. Oh *Clifford*, how thy words revive my Heart.

Tork. *Henry* of *Lancaster*, resign thy Crown:
What mutter you, or what conspire you, Lords?

War. Do right unto this princely Duke of *Tork*,
Or I will fill the House with armed Men.

And o'er the Chair of State, where now he sits,
Write up his Title with usurping Blood.

[*He stamps with his Foot, and the Soldiers shew themselves.*

K. Hen. My Lord of *Warwick*, hear me but one word ;
Let me for this time reign as King.

Yerk. Confirm the Crown to me, and to mine Heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Henry. I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*,
Enjoy the Kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the Prince, your Son ?

War. What good is this to *England*, and himself ?

West. Base, fearful, and despairing *Henry* !

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thy self and us !

West. I cannot stay to hear these Articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come Cousin, let us tell the Queen these News.

West. Farewel, faint-hearted and degenerate King,
In whose cold Blood no spark of Honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the House of *York*,
And die in Bands, for this unmanly deed.

Clif. In dreadful War, may'st thou be overcome,
Or live in Peace abandon'd and despis'd.

[*Exeunt Nor. Cliff. Westm.*]

War. Turn this way, *Henry*, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Henry. Ah *Exeter* ! ———

War. Why should you sigh, my Lord ?

K. Henry. Not for my self, Lord *Warwick*, but my Son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinheret.

But be it as it may ; I here entail

The Crown to thee, and to thine Heirs for ever :

Conditionally, that here thou take an Oath,

To cease this Civil War ; and whilst I live,

To honour me as thy King and Sovereign :

Neither by Treason nor Hostility,

To seek to put me down, and reign thy self.

York. This Oath I willingly take, and will perform.

War. Long live King *Henry : Plantagenet*, embrace him.

K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward Sons.

York. Now *York* and *Lancaster* are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurst be he that seeks to make them Foes.

Sonet. Here they come down.

York. Farewel, my gracious Lord, I'll to my Castle.

War. And I'll keep *London* with my Soldiers.

Nor. And I to *Norfolk* with my Followers.

Mount.

King HENRY VI.

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Mount. And I unto the Sea from whence I came. [*Ex.*

K. Henry. And I with Grief and Sorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queen, and the Prince of Wales

Exe. Here comes the Queen,
Whose Looks bewray her Anger:
I'll steal away.

K. Henry. *Exeter* so will I.

[*Going.*

Queen. Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee

K. Henry. Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will stay.

Queen. Who can be patient in such Extreame?

Ah wretched Man! would I had dy'd a Maid,
And never seen thee, never born thee Son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a Father.
Hath he deserv'd to loose his Birth-right thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so much as I,
Or felt that Pain which I did for him once,
Or nourisht him, as I did with my Blood;
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest Heart-blood there,
Rather than made that Savage Duke thine Heir,
And disinherited thine only Son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be King, why should not I succeed?

K. Henry. Pardon me *Margaret*, pardon me, sweet Son;
The Earl of *Warwick* and the Duke enforc'd me.

Queen. Enforce thee? art thou King, and wilt be forc'd;
I shame to hear thee speak; ah timorous Wretch!
Thou hast undone thy self, thy Son, and me.
And given unto the House of *Tork* such head,
As thou shalt Reign but by their Sufferance.
To entail him and his Heirs unto the Crown,
What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,
And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is Chancellor, and the Lord of *Calais*,
Stern *Faulconbridge* commands the narrow Seas,
The Duke is made Protector of the Realm,
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling Lamb, invironed with Wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly Woman,
The Soldiers should have toss'd me on their Pikes,
Before I would have granted to that Act.
But thou prefer'st thy Life before thine Honour.

The Third Part of

And seeing thou dost, I here divorce my self,
Both from thy Table, *Henry*, and thy Bed,
Until that Act of Parliament be repealed,
Whereby my Son is disinherited.

The Northern Lords, that have forsworn thy Colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread :
And spread they shall be, to thy foul Disgrace,
And utter ruin of the House of *Tork*,
Thus do I leave thee ; come Son, let's away,
Our Army is ready, come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle *Margaret*, and hear me speak.

Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already ; get thee gone.

K. Henry. Gentle Son *Edward*, thou wilt stay with me ?

Queen. Ay, to be murther'd by his Enemies.

Prince. When I return with Victory from the Field,
I'll see your Grace ; 'till then I'll follow her.

Queen. Come, Son, away, we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen and Prince.*]

K. Henry. Poor *Queen*,
How love to me, and to her Son,
Hath made her break out into terms of Rage.
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful Duke,
Whose haughty Spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my Crown, and like an empty Eagle,
Tire on the Flesh of me, and of my Son.
The loss of those three Lords torments my Heart ;
I'll write unto them, and intreat them fair ;
Come, Cousin, you shall be the Messenger.

Exe. And I hope shall reconcile them all.

[*Exit*]

Enter Richard, Edward, and Mountague.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the Orator.

Mount. But I have Reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

Tork. Why, how now Sons and Brother, at a strife ?
What is your Quarrel ? how began it first ?

Edw. No Quarrel, but a slight Contention.

Tork. About what ?

Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and us,
The Crown of *England*, Father, which is yours.

Tork. Mine, Boy ? not 'till King *Henry* be dead.

Rich.

Rich. Your Right depends not on his Life, or Death.

Edw. Now you are Heir, therefore enjoy it now :
By giving the House of *Lancaster* leave to breathe,
It will out-run you, Father, in the end.

Tork. I took an Oath, that he should quietly Reign.

Edw. But for a Kingdom any Oath may be broken :
I would break a thousand Oaths to Reign one Year.

Rich. No; God forbid your Grace should be forsworn.

Tork. I shall be if I claim by open War.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

Tork. Thou can'st not, Son, it is impossible.

Rich. An Oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful Magistrate,
That hath Authority over him that Swears.
Henry had none, but did usurp the Place.
Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your Oath, my Lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore to Arms: and, Father, do but think,
How sweet a Thing it is to wear a Crown,
Within whose Circuit is *Elysium*,
And all that Poets feign of Bliss and Joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white Rose that I wear be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm Blood of *Henry's* Heart.

Tork. *Richard* enough: I will be King, or die,
Brother, thou shalt to *London* presently,
And whet on *Warwick* to this Enterprize.
Thou, *Richard*, shall go to the Duke of *Norfolk*
And tell him privily of our Intent.

You, *Edward*, shall unto my Lord *Cobham*,
With whom the *Kentishmen* will willingly rise.
In them I trust; for they are Soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of Spirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek Occasion how to rise?
And yet the King not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the House of *Lancaster*.

Enter Gabriel.

But stay, what News? why com'st thou in such post?

Gab. The Queen,
With all the Northern Earls and Lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your Castle.

Shew

The Third Part of

She is hard by, with twenty thousand Men;
And therefore fortifie your Hold, my Lord.

Tork. Ay, with my Sword.

What think'st thou that we fear them?

Edward and *Richard*, you shall stay with me,
My Brother *Mountague* shall post to *London*.

Let noble *Warwick*, *Cobham*, and the rest,
Whom we have left Protectors of the King,
With powerful Policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not to simple *Henry*, nor his Oaths.

Mount. Brother I go: I'll win them fear it not.
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

[*Exit Mountague.*]

Enter Sir John Mortimer, and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

Tork. Sir *John*, and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine Uncles,
You are come to *Sandal* in a happy Hour.

The Army of the Queen means to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the Field.

Tork. What, with five thousand Men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, Father, for a need.

A Woman's General; what should we fear?

[*A March afar off.*]

Edw. I hear their Drums:

Let's set our Men in order,

And issue forth, and bid them Battel streight.

Tork. Five Men to twenty, though the odds be great,
I doubt not, Uncle, of our Victory.

Many a Battel have I won in *France*,

When as the Enemy hath been ten to one.

Why should I not now have the like Success?

[*Alarm. Exit.*]

Enter Rutland and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I flie to scape their Hands?

Ah, Tutor, look where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. Chaplain, away, thy Priesthood saves thy Life;
As for the Brat of this accursed Duke,
Whose Father slew my Father, he shall die.

Tutor. And, I my Lord, will bear him Company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tutor. Ah *Clifford*, murder not this innocent Child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and Man.

[*Exit.*
Clif.]

Clif. How now? He is dead already?
Or is it fear that makes him close his Eyes?
I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up Lion o'er the Wretch,
That trembles under his devouring Paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his Prey,
And so he comes to rend his Limbs asunder.
Ah, gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy Sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening Look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die:
I am too mean a subject of thy Wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on Men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor Boy:
My Father's Blood hath stop't the Passage
Where thy Words should enter.

Rut. Then let my Father's Blood open it again,
He is a Man, and *Clifford* cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy Brethren here, their Lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd up thy Fore-Fathers Graves,
And hung their rotten Coffins up in Chains,
It could not slake mine Ire, nor ease my Heart.
The sight of any of the House of *York*,
Is as a Fury to torment my Soul:
And 'till I root out their accursed Line,
And leave not one alive, I live in Hell.
Therefore ———

Rut. O let me pray before I take my Death:
To thee, I pray ——— *sweet Clifford* pity me.

Clif. Such pity as my Rapier's Point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou slay me?

Clif. Thy Father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one Son, for his sake pity me,
Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in Prison all my Days,
And when I give occasion of Offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause? thy Father slew my Father, therefore die.

Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis summa, sit ista tua.* [*Stabs him.*]

Clif. *Plantagenet*, I come, *Plantagenet*.

And

The Third Part of

And this thy Son's Blood cleaving to my Blade,
Shall rust upon my Weapon, till thy Blood
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [Exit.

Alarum. Enter Richard Duke of York.

Turk. The Army of the Queen hath got the Field:
My Uncles both are slain in rescuing me,
And all my Followers, to the eager Foe
Turn back, and fly, like Ships before the Wind,
Or Lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved Wolves.
My Sons, God knows what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like Men born to renown, by Life or Death.
Three times did *Richard* make a Lane to me,
And thrice cry'd, Courage Father, fight it out.
And full as oft came *Edward* to my Side,
With Purple Falchion, painted to the Hilt
In Blood of those that had encountred him;
And when the hardiest Warriors did retire,
Richard cry'd, Charge, and give no foot of Ground,
And cry'd, a Crown, or else a glorious Tomb,
A Scepter, or an earthly Sepulcher.
With this we Charg'd again; but out a'as,
We bodg'd again; as I have seen a Swan
With bootless labour swim against the Tide,
And spend her Strength with over-matching Waves.

[A short Alarum within.

Ah hark, the fatal Followers do pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot fly their Fury.
And were I strong, I would not shun their Fury.
The Sands are numbred that make up my Life,
Here must I stay, and here my Life must end.
Enter the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, the Prince
of Wales, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchless Fury to more rage:
I am your Butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our Mercy proud *Plantagenet*:

Clif. Ay, to such Mercy as his ruthless Arm
With downright payment shew'd unto my Father.
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his Car,
And made an Evening at the Noon-tide Prick.

Turk. My Ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth

A Bird, that will revenge upon you all:

And in that hope I throw mine Eyes to Heav'n,

Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with,

Why come you not? what! Multitudes and fear?

Clif. So Cowards fight when they can fly no farther,

So Doves do peck the Falcons piercing Talons,

So desperate Thieves, all hopeless of their Lives,

Breath out Invectives 'gainst the Officers.

Tork. Oh, *Clifford*, but bethink thee once again,

And in thy thought o'er-run my former time:

And if thou canst, for blushing, view this Face,

And bite thy Tongue that slanders him with Cowardice,

Whole frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee Word for Word,

But buckler with thee Blows twice two for one.

Queen. Hold, valiant *Clifford*, for a thousand Causes

I would prolong a while the Traitor's Life:

Wrath makes him Deaf; speak thou *Northumberland*.

North. Hold *Clifford*, do not honour him so much,

To prick thy Finger, though to wound his Heart,

What Valour were it, when a Cur doth grin,

For one to thrust his Hand between his Teeth,

When he might spurn him with his Foot away?

It is Wars prize to take all vantages,

And ten to one is no impeach of Valour.

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the Woodcock with the Gin.

North. So doth the Cony struggle in the Net.

Tork. So triumph Thieves upon their conquer'd Booty,

So true Men yield, with Robbers so o'er-matcht.

North. What would your Grace have done unto him now?

Queen. Brave Warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,

Come make him stand upon this Mole-hill here,

That raught at Mountains with out-stretched Arms,

Yet parted but the Shadow with his Hand.

What, was it you that would be *England's* King?

Was't you that revell'd in our Parliament,

And made a Preachment of your high Descent?

Where are your mess of Sonsto back you now,

The wanton *Edward* and the lusty *George*?

And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigy,

Dicky, your Boy, that with his grumbling Voice

Was wont to cheer his Dad in Mutinies?

Or

Or with the rest, where is your Darling *Rutland*?
 Look *Terk*, I stain'd this Napkin with the Blood
 That valiant *Clifford*, with the Rapier's Point,
 Made issue from the Bosom of the Boy;
 And if thine Eyes can Water for his Death,
 I give thee this to dry thy Cheeks withal.
 Alas, poor *Terk*, but that I hate thee deadly,
 I should lament thy miserable State.
 I prithee grieve, to make me merry, *Terk*.
 What, hath thy fiery Heart so parcht thine Intrails,
 That not a Tear can fall for *Rutland's* Death?
 Why art thou patient Man? thou should'st be mad:
 And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus;
 Stamp, rave and fret, that I may sing and dance.
 Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
Terk cannot speak unless he wear a Crown.
 A Crown for *Terk*——and, Lords bow low to him:
 Hold you his Hands, whilst I do set it on.

[Putting a Paper Crown on his Head.]

Ay marry, Sir, now looks he like a King:
 Ay, this is he that took King *Henry's* Chair,
 And this is he was his adopted Heir.
 But how is it, that great *Plantagenet*
 Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn Oath?
 As I bethink me, you should not be King,
 Till our King *Henry* had shook his Hands with Death.
 And will you pale your Head in *Henry's* Glory,
 And rob his Temples of the Diadem,
 Now in this Life against the Holy Oath?
 Oh, 'tis a Fault too too unpardonable.
 Off with the Crown, and with the Crown his Head,
 And whilst we breath take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my Office, for my Father's Sake.

Queen. Nay stay, let's hear the Orizons he makes.

Terk. She-Wolf of *France*,

But worse than Wolves of *France*,
 Whose Tongue more poisons than the Adder's Tooth:
 How ill-beseeming is it in thy Sex,
 To triumph like an *Amazonian* Trull,
 Upon their Woes, whom fortune captivates?
 Eut that thy Face is Vizard-like, unchanging,
 Made impudent with use of evil Deeds.

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I would assay, proud Queen, to make thee blush
 To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
 Were shame enough to shame thee
 Wert thou not shameless:
 Thy Father bears the Type of King of *Naples*,
 Of both the *Sicils* and *Jerusalem*,
 Yet not so wealthy as an *English* Yeoman.
 Hath that poor Monarch taught thee to insult;
 It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud Queen,
 Unless the Adage must be verify'd,
 That Beggars mounted run their Horse to Death.
 'Tis Beauty that doth oft make Women proud,
 But God he knows, thy share thereof is small.
 'Tis Virtue that doth make them most admir'd.
 The contrary doth make thee wondred at.
 'Tis Government that makes them seem Divine,
 The want thereof makes thee abominable.
 Thou art as opposite to every good,
 As the Antipodes are unto us,
 Or as the South to *Septentrion*.
 Oh Tyger's Heart, wrapt in a Woman's Hide,
 How could'st thou drain the Life-blood of the Child,
 To bid the Father wipe his Eyes withal,
 And yet be seen to wear a Woman's Face?
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
 Bidst thou me rage? why now thou hast thy wish.
 Would'st thou have me weep? why now thou hast thy will.
 For raging Wind blows up incessant Show'rs.
 And when the rage allays, the R^{ain} begins.
 These Tears are my sweet *Rutland's* Obsequies,
 And every drop cries vengeance to his Death,
 'Gainst thee, fell *Clifford*, and thee, false *French* Woman.
North. Beshrew me, but his Passions move me so,
 That hardly can I check mine Eyes from Tears.
Turk. That Face of his,
 The hungry Cannibals would not have toucht,
 Would not have stain'd the Roses just with Blood:
 But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
 Oh ten times more, than Tygers of *Hyrcania*.
 See, ruthless Queen, a hapless Father's Tears:
 This Cloth thou dip'dst in Blood of my sweet Boy,

And

And I with Tears do wash the Blood away.
 Keep thou the Napkin, and go boast of this,
 And if thou tell'st the heavy Story right,
 Upon my Soul, the Hearers will shed Tears:
 Yea, even my Foes will shed fast-falling Tears,
 And say, alas, it was a piteous Deed.
 There take the Crown, and, with the Crown, my Curse,
 And in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
 As now I reap at thy too cruel Hand.
 Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the World,
 My Soul to Heav'n, my Blood upon your Heads.

North. Had he been Slaughter-man to all my Kin,
 I should not for my Life but weep with him,
 To see how inly Sorrow gripes his Soul.

Queen. What, weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?
 Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
 And that will quickly dry thy melting Tears.

Clif. Here's for my Oath, here's for my Father's Death.

Queen. And here's to right our gentle-hearted King.

[*Stabbing him.*]

Tork. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God.
 My Soul flies through these Wounds, to seek out thee. [*Dies.*]

Queen. Off with his Head, and set it on *Tork* Gates,
 So *Tork* may overlook the Town of *Tork*. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

A March. Enter Edward, Richard, and their Power.

Edw. **I** Wonder how our Princely Father scap'd;
 Or whether he be scap'd away, or no,
 From *Clifford's* and *Northumberland's* pursuit?
 Had he been ta'en we should have heard the News;
 Had he been slain we should have heard the News;
 Or had he scap'd, methinks we should have heard
 The happy Tydings of his good escape.
 How fares my Brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd,
 Where our right valiant Father is become.
 I saw him in the Battle range about.

And

And watcht him how he singled *Clifford* forth,
Methought he bore him in the thickest Troop,
As doth a Lyon in a Herd of Neat:
Or as a Bear encompass'd round with Dogs,
Who having pinch't a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our Father with his Enemies,
So fled his Enemies my Warlike Father:
Methinks 'tis prize enough to be his Son.
See how the Morning opes her Golden Gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious Sun.
How well resembles it the prime of Youth,
Trim'd like a Yonker, prancing to his Love?

Edw. Dazzle mine Eyes? or do I see three Suns?

Rich. Three glorious Suns, each one a perfect Sun,
Not separated with the racking Clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear shining Sky.
See, see they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some League inviolable:
Now are they but one Lamp, one Light, one Sun,
In this the Heaven figures some Event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange,
The like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us, Brother to the Field,
That we the Sons of brave *Plantagenet*,
Each one already blazing by our Meeds,
Should notwithstanding join our Lights together,
And over-shine the Earth, as this the World.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my Target three fair shining Suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three Daughters:
By your leave, I speak it,
You love the Breeder better than the Male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy Looks foretel
Some dreadful Story hanging on thy Tongue?

Mes. Ah one that was a woful looker on,
When as the noble Duke of *York* was slain,
Your princely Father, and my loving Lord.

Edw. Oh, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all.

Mes. Environed he was with many Foes,

And

The Third Part of

And stood against them, as the hope of *Troy*
 Against the *Greeks*, that would have entred *Troy*,
 But *Hercules* himself must yield to odds;
 And many Stroaks, though with a little Ax,
 Hews down and fells the hardest timber'd Oak,
 By many Hands your Father was subdu'd,
 But only slaughter'd by the ireful Arm,
 Of unrelenting *Clifford*, and the Queen:
 Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despight,
 Laugh'd in his Face; and when with grief he wept,
 The ruthless Queen gave him, to dry his Cheek,
 A Napkin, steeped in the harmless Blood
 Of sweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* slain:
 And after many Scorns, many foul Taunts,
 They took his Head, and on the Gates of *York*
 They set the same, and there it doth remain,
 The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of *York*, our prop to lean upon,
 Now thou art gone, we have no Staff, no Stay,
 Oh *Clifford*, boist'rous *Clifford*, thou hast slain
 The Flower of *Europe* for his Chivalry,
 And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
 For Hand to Hand he would have vanquish'd thee,
 Now my Soul's Palace is become a Prison:
 Ah, would she break from hence, that this my Body
 Might in the Ground be closed up in rest;
 For never henceforth shall I joy again,
 Never, oh never shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep, for all my Body's moisture
 Scarce serves to quench my Furnace-burning Heart:
 Nor can my Tongue unload my Heart's great burthen,
 For self-same Wind that I should speak withal,
 Is kindling Coals that fire up all my Breast,
 And burn me up with Flames, that Tears would quench.
 To weep, is to make less the depth of Grief:
 Tears then for Babes: Blows and Revenge for me.
Richard, I bear thy Name, I'll venge thy Death,
 Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His Name, that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
 His Dukedom, and his Chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagle's Bird,
 Shew thy descent, by gazing 'gainst the Sun:

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For Chair and Dukedom, Throne and Kingdom say,
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

*March. Enter Warwick, Marquiss of Montague, and
their Army.*

War. How now, fair Lord? what fare? what News abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of *Warwick*, if we should recount
Our baleful News, and at each Word's deliverance
Stab Poniards in our Flesh, 'till all were told,
The Words would add more anguish than the Wounds
O, valiant Lord, the Duke of *York* is slain.

Edw. Oh, *Warwick*! *Warwick*! that *Plantagenet*,
Which held thee dearly as his Soul's Redemption,
Is by the stern Lord *Clifford* done to Death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these News in tears.
And now to add more measure to your Woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befall.
After the bloody Fray at *Wakefield* fought,
Where your brave Father breath'd his latest Gasps,
Tidings, as swiftly as the Posts could run,
Were brought me of your Loss, and his depart.
I then in *London* Keeper of the King,
Must'rd my Soldiers, gather'd flocks of Friends,
March'd towards *St. Albans* to intercept the Queen,
Bearing the King in my behalf along:
For by my Scouts I was advertis'd
That she was coming, with a full intent
To dash our late Decree in Parliament,
Touching King *Henry's* Oath, and your Succession:
Short Tale to make, we at *St. Albans* met,
Our Battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought;
But whether 'twas the coldness of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his Warlike Queen,
That robb'd my Soldiers of their heated Spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her Success,
Or more than common fear of *Clifford's* Rigour,
Who thunders to his Captives Blood and Death,
I cannot judge; but to conclude with Truth,
Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:
Our Soldiers like the Night-Owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy Thresher with a Flail,
Fell gently down, as if they struck their Friends.
I cheer'd them up with Justice of our Cause,

With

With Promise of high Pay, and great Reward :
 But all in vain, they had no heart to fight,
 And we, in them, no hope to win the Day,
 So that we fled ; the King unto the Queen,
 Lord *George* your Brother, *Norfolk*, and my self,
 In haste, Post-haste, are come to join with you :
 For in the Marches here we heard you were,
 Making another Head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of *Norfolk*, gentle *Warwick* ?
 And when came *George* from *Burgundy* to *England* ?

War. Some six miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers ?
 And for your Brother he was lately sent
 From your kind Aunt Dutchess of *Burgundy*,
 With aid of Soldiers to this needful War.

Rich. 'Twas odds belike when valiant *Warwick* fled ;
 Oft have I heard his Praises in Pursuit,
 But ne'er, till now, his Scandal of Retire.

War. Nor now my Scandal, *Richard*, dost thou hear :
 For thou shalt know this strong right Hand of mine
 Can pluck the Diadem from saint *Henry's* Head,
 And wring the awful Scepter from his Fist,
 Were he as famous, and as bold in War,
 And he as fam'd for Mildness, Peace and Prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord *Warwick*, blame me not,
 'Tis love I bear thy Glories makes me speak.
 But in this troublous time what's to be done ?
 Shall we throw away our Coats of Steel,
 And wrap our Bodies in black mourning Gowns,
 Numb'ring our *Ave Marias* with our Beads ?
 Or shall we on the Helmets of our Foes,
 Tell our Devotion with revengeful Arms ?
 If for the last, say Ay, and to it Lords.

War. Why therefore *Warwick* came to seek you out,
 And therefore comes my Brother *Montague* :
 Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queen,
 With *Clifford*, and the haught *Northumberland*,
 And of their Feather many more proud Birds,
 Have wrought the easie melting King, like Wax ;
 He swore consent to your Succession,
 His Oath enrolled in the Parliament,
 And now to *London* all the Crew are gone,
 To frustrate both his Oath, and what beside

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May make against the House of *Lancaster*
 Their Power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
 Now if the help of *Norfolk*, and my self,
 With all the Friends that thou brave Earl of *March*,
 Amongst the loving *Welshmen*, canst procure,
 Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
 Why *Via*! to *London* will we march,
 And once again bestride our foaming Steeds,
 And once again cry, Charge upon our Foes,
 But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great *Warwick* speak;
 Ne'er may he live to see a Sun shine Day,
 That cries Retire if *Warwick* bid him stay.

Edw. Lord *Warwick*, on thy Shoulder will I lean,
 And when thou fail'st (as God forbid the Hour)
 Must *Edward* fall, which peril Heav'n forbend.

War. No longer Earl of *March*, but Duke of *Tork*:
 The next degree is *England's* Royal Throne:
 For King of *England* shalt thou be proclaim'd
 In every Borough as we pass along,
 And he that throws not up his Cap for Joy,
 Shall for the fault make forfeit of his Head.
King Edward, valiant *Richard*, *Montague*,
 Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renown,
 But found the Trumpets, and about our Task.

Rich. Then *Clifford*, were thy Heart as hard as Steel,
 As thou hast shewn it flinty by thy Deeds,
 I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up Drums, God and *St. George* for us.

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? What News?

Mes. The Duke of *Norfolk* sends you word by me,
 The Queen is coming with a puissant Host,
 And craves your Company for speedy Counsel.

War. Why then it sorts, brave Warriors let's away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter King Henry, the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland,
and the Prince of Wales, with Drums and Trumpets.

Queen. Welcome, my Lord, to this brave Town of *Tork*,
 Yonder's the Head of that Arch-enemy,
 That sought to be encompass't with your Crown.
 Doth not the Object cheer your Heart, my Lord?

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Ay, as the Rocks cheer them that fear their
To see this sight it irks my very Soul: [Wrack;
With-hold Revenge, dear God 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my Vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much Lenity
And harmless Pity must be laid aside:
To whom do Lions cast their gentle Looks?
Not to the Beast that would usurp their Den.
Whose Hand is that the Forest Bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her Face.
Who escapes the lurking Serpent's mortal Sting?
Not he that sets his Foot upon her Back.
The smallest Worm will turn, being trodden on,
And Doves will peck in safeguard of their Brood.
Ambitious *Turk* did level at thy Crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry Brows.
He but a Duke, would have his Son a King,
And raise his Issue like a loving Sire;
Thou being a King, blest with a goodly Son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him;
Which argued thee a most unloving Father.
Unreasonable Creatures feed their young,
And tho' Mans Face be fearful to their Eyes,
Yet in Protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them even with those Wings,
Which sometimes they have us'd with fearful flight,
Make War with him that climb'd unto their Nest,
Offering their own Lives in their Young's Defence?
For Shame, my Liege, make them your President:
Were it not pity, that this goodly Boy
Should loose his Birth-right by his Father's Fault,
And long hereafter say unto his Child,
What my great Grandfather and Granfire got,
My careless Father fondly gave away,
Ah, what a Shame was this? Look on the Boy,
And let his manly Face, which promiseth
Successful Fortune, steel thy melting Heart,
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

King. Full well hath *Clifford* plaid the Orator,
Inferring Arguments of mighty Force:
But, *Clifford*, tell me, didst thou never hear,
That things ill got, had ever bad Success.

And

And happy always was it for that Son,
Whose Father for his hoarding went to Hell :
I'll leave my Son my virtuous deeds behind,
And would my Father had left me no more :
For all the rest is held at such a Rate,
As brings a thousand-fold more Care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of Pleasure.
Ah Cousin *Tork*, would thy best Friends did know,
How it doth grieve me that thy Head is here.

Queen. My Lord, cheer up your Spirits, our Foes are nigh,
And this soft Courage makes your Followers faint :
You promis'd Knighthood to our forward Son,
Unsheath your Sword, and dub him presently.
Edward kneel down.

King. *Edward Plantagenet*, arise a Knight,
And learn this Lesson, draw thy Sword in right.

Prince. My gracious Father, by your Kingly Leave,
I'll draw it as Apparent to the Crown,
And in that Quarrel use it to the Death.

Clif. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royal Commanders, be in readiness,
For with a Band of thirty thousand Men
Comes *Warwick*, backing of the Duke of *Tork*.
And in the Towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him King, and many fly to him.
Darraign your Battel, they are near at Hand.

Clif. I would your Highness would depart the Field,
The Queen hath best Success when you are absent.

Queen. Ay, good my Lord, and leave us to our Fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my Fortune too, therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with Resolution then to fight.

Prince. My Royal Father, cheer these Noble Lords,
And hearten those that fight in your Defence :
Unsheath your Sword, good Father ; cry *St. George*.
March. *Enter* Edward, Warwick, Richard, Clarence,
Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now perjur'd *Henry*, wilt thou kneel for Grace,
And set thy Diadem upon thy Head ;
Or bide the Mortal Fortune of the Field ?

Queen. Go rate thy Minions, proud insulting Boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in Terms,

B

Before

Before thy Sovereign, and thy lawful King?

Edw. I am his King, and he should bow his Knee;
I was adopted Heir by his Consent;
Since when, his Oath he broke: for as I hear,
You that are King, though he do wear the Crown,
Have caus'd him, by new Act of Parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own Son in.

Clif. And reason too:

Who should succeed the Father, but the Son?

Rich. Are you there, Butcher? O, I cannot speak.

Clif. Ay, Crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he, the proudest of thy Sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young *Rutland*, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old *Tork*, and yet not satisfy'd.

Rich. For God's sake, Lords, give Signal to the Fight.

War. What say'st thou, *Henry*,

Wilt thou yield the Crown?

Queen. Why, how now, long-tongu'd *Warwick*, dare
When you and I met at *St. Albans* last, [you speak]
Your Legs did better Service than your Hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your Valour, *Clifford* drove me thence.

North. No, nor your Manhood that durst make you stay.

Rich. *Northumberland*, I hold thee reverently,
Break off the Parley, for scarce I can refrain
The Execution of my big-swoln Heart
Upon that *Clifford*, that cruel Child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy Father, call'st thou him a Child?

Rich. Ay, like a Dastard, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didst kill our tender Brother *Rutland*:
But ere Sun set, I'll make thee curse the Deed.

K. Henry. Have done with Words, my Lords, and hear
me speak.

Queen. Defie them then, or else hold close thy Lips.

K. Henry. I prithee give no Limits to my Tongue,
I am a King, and priviledg'd to speak.

Clif. My Liege, the Wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be still.

Rich. I then, Execution, re-unsheath thy Sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That *Clifford's* Manhood lyes upon his Tongue.

Edw.

Edw. Say, *K. Henry*, shall I have my right, or no:
A thousand Men have broke their Fasts to Day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the Crown.

War. If thou deny, their Blood upon thy Head,
For *Tyrk* in justice puts his Armour on.

Prince. If that be right, which *Warwick* says is right,
There is no Wrong, but every thing is right.

War. Who ever got thee, there thy Mother stands,
For well I wot, thou hast thy Mother's Tongue.

Queen. But thou art neither like thy Sire nor Dam,
But like a foul mishapen Stigmatick,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venomous Toads, or Lizards dreadful Stings.

Rich. Iron of *Naples*, hid with *English* Gilt,
Whose Father bears the Title of a King,
(As if a Channel should be call'd the Sea)
Shamst thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy Tongue detect thy base-born Heart.

Edw. A Wisp of Straw were worth a thousand Crowns,
To make this shameless Callet know her self.

Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy Husband may be *Menelaus*;
And ne'er was *Agamemnon's* Brother wrong'd
By that false Woman, as this King by thee.
His Father revell'd in the Heart of *France*,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dauphin stoop:
And had he match'd according to his State,
He might have kept that Glory to this Day.
But when he took a Beggar to his Bed,
And grac'd thy poor Sire with his Bridal Day,
Even then that Sun-shine brew'd a Shower for him,
That wash'd his Father's Fortunes forth of *France*,
And heap'd Sedition on his Crown at home:
For what hath broach'd this Tumult but thy Pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our Title still had slept,
And we in Pity of the gentle King,
Had slept our Claim until another Age.

Cl. But when we saw our Sunshine made thy Spring,
And that thy Summer bred us no increase,
We set the Ax to thy usurping Root;
And though the Edge hath something hit our selves,
Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,

We'll never leave 'till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thee growing with our heated Bloods.

Edw. And in this Resolution I defie thee,
Not willing any longer Conference,
Since thou deny'dst the gentle King to speak.
Sound Trumpets. let our bloody Colours wave,
And either Victory, or else a Grave.

Queen. Stay *Edward*——

Edw. No, wrangling Woman, we'll no longer stay,
These Words will cost ten thousand Lives this Day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Alarm. Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Fore-spent with Toil, as Runners with a Race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe :
For Strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit Sinews of their Strength,
And spight of spight, needs must I rest a while.

Enter Edward running.

Edw. Smile, gentle Heav'n ; or strike, ungentle Death ;
For this World frowns, and *Edward's* Sun is clouded.

War. How now, my Lord, what hap? What hope of
good?

Enter Clarence.

Cla. Our Hap is Loss, Our Hope but sad despair,
Our Ranks are broke, and Ruin follows us.
What Counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with Wings,
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah *Warwick*, why hast thou withdrawn thy
self?

Thy Brother's Blood the thirsty Earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of *Clifford's* Lance :

And in the very Pangs of Death he cry'd,
Like to a dismal Clangor heard from far,

Warwick, revenge ; Brother, revenge my Death.

So underneath the Belly of his Steeds,

That stain'd their Fetlocks in his smoking Blood,

The noble Gentleman gave up the Ghost.

War. Then let the Earth be drunken with our Blood ;

I'll kill my Horse because I will not fly :

Why stand we like soft-hearted Women here,

Wailing

Wailing our Losses, whiles the Foe doth rage.
 And look upon, as if the Tragedy
 Were plaid in jest by counterfeiting Actors.
 Here on my Knee I vow to God above,
 I'll never pause again, never stand still,
 'Till either Death hath clos'd these Eyes of mine,
 Or Fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O *Warwick*, I do bend my Knee with thine,
 And in this Vow do chain my Soul to thine.
 And ere my Knee rise from the Earth's cold Face,
 I throw my Hands, mine Eyes, my Heart to thee,
 Thou setter up and plucker down of Kings,
 Beseeching thee (if with thy Will it stands
 That to my Foes this Body must be prey)
 Yet that thy brazen Gates of Heav'n may ope,
 And give sweet passage to my sinful Soul.
 Now Lords, take leave until we meet again,
 Where-e'er it be, in Heav'n, or in Earth.

Rich. Brother,
 Give me thy Hand, and gentle *Warwick*,
 Let me embrace thee in my weary Arms:
 I that did never weep, now melt with woe;
 That Winter should cut off our Spring-time so.

War. Away, away:
 Once more, sweet Lords, farewell.

Cla. Yet let us altogether to our Troops;
 And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
 And call them Pillars that will stand to us;
 And if we thrive, promise them such Rewards
 As Victors wear at the *Olympian* Games.
 This may plant Courage in their quailing Breasts,
 For yet is hope of Life and Victory;
 Here-slow no longer, make we hence again. [*Exeunt.*]

Excursions. Enter *Richard* and *Clifford*.

Rich. Now, *Clifford*, I have singled thee alone,
 Suppose this Arm is for the Duke of *Tork*,
 And this for *Rutland*, both bound to revenge,
 Wert thou environ'd with a brazen Wall.

Clif. Now, *Richard*, I am with thee here alone.
 This is the Hand that stabb'd thy Father *Tork*.
 And this the Hand that slew thy Brother *Rutland*,
 And here's the Heart that triumphs in their Death,

And cheers these Hands that slew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like upon thy self,
And so have at thee.

They fight. Warwick enters, Clifford flies,
Rich. Nay *Warwick*, single out some other Chace,
For I my self will hunt this Wolf to death. [Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

K. Henry. This Battel fares like to the Morning's War,
When dying Clouds contend with growing Light,
What time the Shepherd blowing of his Nails,
Can neither call it perfect Day nor Night.
Now sways it this way, like the self-same Sea,
Forc'd by the Tide to combat with the Wind:
Now sways it that way, like the self same Sea,
Forc'd to retire by fury of the Wind.
Sometime, the Flood prevails, and then the Wind,
Now, one the better, then another best,
Both tugging to be Victors, Breast to Breast,
Yet neither Conqueror, nor conquered;
So is the equal poize of this fell War.
Here on this Mole-hill will I sit me down,
To whom God will, there be the Victory:
For *Margaret* my Queen, and *Clifford* too
Have chid me from the Battel, swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence,
Would I were dead, if God's good will were so:
For what is in this World, but Grief and Woe?
Oh God! methinks it were a happy Life,
To be no better than a homely Swain,
To sit upon a Hill, as I do now,
To carve out Dials quaintly, Point by Point,
Thereby to see the Minutes how they run;
How many makes the Hour full compleat,
How many Hours bring about the Day,
How many Days will finish up the Year,
How many Years a mortal Man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my Flock,
So many hours must I take my rest,
So many hours must I contemplate,
So many hours must I sport my self,
So many Days my Ewes have been with young,

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So many weeks ere the poor Fools will Ean,
 So many Months ere I shall sheer the Fleece:
 So Minutes, Hours, Days, Weeks, Months and Years,
 Past over, to the end they were created,
 Would bring white Hairs unto a quiet Grave.
 Ah! what a Life were this? how sweet, how lovely?
 Gives not the Haw thorn Bush a sweeter shade
 To Shepherds, looking on their silly Sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroider'd Canopy
 To Kings, that fear their Subjects treachery?
 O yes, it doth, a thousand-fold it doth,
 And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his Leather Bottel,
 His wonted sleep, under a fresh Tree's shade,
 All which secure, and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a Prince's Delicates,
 His Viands sparkling in a golden Cup,
 His Body couched in a curious Bed,
 When Care, Mistrust and Treasons wait on him.

*Alarum. Enter a Son that had kill'd his Father at one Door,
 and a Father that had kill'd his Son at another Door.*

Son. Ill blows the Wind that profits no Body,
 This Man whom hand to hand I slew in Fight,
 May be possessed with some store of Crowns,
 And I that, haply, take them from him now,
 May yet, ere Night, yield both my Life and them
 To some Man else, as this dead Man doth me.
 Who's this? Oh God! it is my Father's Face,
 Whom in this Conflict, I, unawares, have kill'd:
 Oh heavy times! begetting such Events.
 From *London*, by the King was I prest forth,
 My Father being the Earl of *Warwick's* Man
 Came on the part of *Tork*, prest by his Master:
 And I, who at his Hands receiv'd my Life,
 Have by my Hands of Life bereaved him.
 Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;
 And pardon, Father, for I knew not thee,
 My Tears shall wipe away these bloody Marks:
 And no more Words, 'till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Henry. O piteous Spectacle! O bloody Times!
 Whiles Lions War, and Battel for their Dens,
 Poor harmless Lambs abide their Enmity.

Weep, wretched Man, I'll aid thee Tear for Tear,
And let our Hearts and Eyes, like civil War,
Be blind with Tears, and break o'er-charg'd with Grief.

Enter a Father, bearing of his Son.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy Gold, if thou hast any Gold :
For I have bought it with an hundred Blows.
But let me see : Is this our Foe-man's Face ?
Ah, no, no, no, it is my only Son.
Ah Boy, if any Life be left in thee,
Throw up thine Eye ; see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy Tempest of my Heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine Eye and Heart.
O pity, God, this miserable Age !
What stratagems ? how fell ? how butcherly ?
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget ;
O Boy ! thy Father gave thee Life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy Life too late. [grief ;

K. Henry. Woe above woe ; grief, more than common
O that my Death would stay these rueful deeds :
O pity, pity, gentle Heaven, pity.
The red Rose and the white are on his Face,
The fatal Colours of our striving Houses.
The one his purple Blood, right well resembles,
The other his pale Cheek, methinks, presenteth :
Wither one Rose, and let the other flourish ;
If you contend, a thousand Lives must wither.

Sen. How will my Mother, for a Father's Death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfy'd ?

Fath. How will my Wife, for slaughter of my Son,
Shed Seas of Tears, and ne'er be satisfy'd ?

K. Hen. How will the Country, for these woful chances,
Misthink the King, and not be satisfy'd ?

Sen. Wasever Son so rew'd a Father's Death ?

Fath. Was ever Father so bemoan'd his Son ?

K. Hen. Wasever King so griev'd for Subjects woe ?
Much is your Sorrow ; mine, tentimes so much.

Sen. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

Fath. These Arms of mine shall be thy Winding-sheet,
My Heart, sweet Boy, shall be thy Sepulcher,
For from my Heart thine Image ne'er shall go.

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My sighing Breast shall be thy Funeral Bell:

And so obsequious will thy Father be,

Sad for the loss of thee, having no more

As *Priam* was for all his valiant Sons.

I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will,

For I have murder'd where I should not kill. [Exit.

K. Henry. Sad-hearted Men, much overgone with Care;
Here sits a King, more woful than you are.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Queen, Prince of
Wales, and Exeter.*

Prince. Fly, Father, fly; for all your Friends are fled;
And *Warwick* rages like a chafed Bull:

Away, for Death doth hold us in pursuit.

Queen. Mount you my Lord, towards *Berwick* post
again:

Edward and *Richard* like a brace of Grey-hounds,

Having the fearful flying Hare in sight,

With fiery Eyes, sparkling for very wrath,

And bloody Steel graspt in their ireful Hands,

Are at our backs, and therefore hence again.

Exe. Away; for vengeance comes along with them.

Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed.

Or else come after, I'll away before.

K. Henry. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet *Exeter*;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go

Whither the Queen intends. Forward, away. [Exeunt.

Aloud Alarum. Enter Clifford wounded.

Cliff. Here burns my Candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which whiles it lasted, gave King *Henry* light.

O *Lancaster*! I fear thy overthrow,

More than my Body's parting with my Soul:

My Love and Fear glew'd many Friends to thee, [Falling.

And now I fall, thy tough Commixtures melt,

Impairing *Henry*, strengthening milt-proud *Trk*;

And whither fly the Gnats, but to the Sun?

And who shines now, but *Henry's* Enemies?

O *Phæbus*! hadst thou never giv'n consent,

That *Phaeton* should check thy fiery Steeds,

Thy burning Carr never had scorch'd the Earth.

And *Henry* hadst thou sway'd as Kings should do,

Or as thy Father and his Father did,

Giving no ground unto the House of *York*,

They never then had sprung like Summer Flies,
 I, and ten thousand in this luckless Realm,
 Had left no mourning Widows for our Death,
 And thou this day hadst kept thy Chair in Peace.
 For what doth cherish Weeds, but gentle Air?
 And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?
 Booties are Plaints, and cureless are my Wounds,
 No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight;
 The Foe is merciless, and will not pity:
 For at their Hands I have deserv'd no pity.
 The Air hath got into my deadly Wounds.
 And much effuse of Blood doth make me faint:
 Come York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest.
 I stabb'd your Father's Bosom; split my Breast.

[He faints.]

Alarm and Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard,
 Mountague, Clarence, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we Lords, good Fortune bids us pause,
 And smooth the frowns of War with peaceful Looks:
 Some Troops pursue the bloody-minded Queen,
 That led calm Henry, though he were a King,
 As doth a Sail fill'd with a fretting Gust,
 Command an Argosie to stem the Waves:
 But think you Lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
 For though before his Face I speak the Word,
 Your Brother Richard mark'd him for the Grave;
 And whereof ere he is, he's surely dead. [Clifford groans.]

Rich. Whose Soul is that, which takes her heavy leave
 A deadly groan, like Life and Death's departing.
 See who it is.

Edw. And now the Battel's ended,
 If Friend or Foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of Mercy, for 'tis Clifford,
 Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch
 In hewing Rutland when his Leaves put forth,
 But set his murdering Knife unto the Root,
 From whence that tender Spray did sweetly spring,
 I mean our princely Father, Duke of York.

War. From off the Gates of York fetch down the Head,
 Your Father's Head, which Clifford placed there:
 Instead whereof, let his supply the room,

Measure

Measure for Measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal Screech-owl to our House,
That nothing sung but Death to us and ours:
Now Death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boading Tongue no more shall speak.

War. I think his Understanding is bereft:
Speak *Clifford*, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy Death o'ershades his Beams of Life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O would he did; and so, perhaps, he doth,
'Tis but his Policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of Death he gave our Father.

Cl. If so thou think'st
Vex him with eager words.

Rich. *Clifford*, ask Mercy, and obtain no Grace.

Edw. *Clifford*, repent in bootless Penitence.

War. *Clifford*, devise Excuses for thy Faults.

Cl. While we devise fell Tortures of thy Faults.

Rich. Thou didst love *Tork*, and I am Son to *Tork*.

Edw. Thou pitied'st *Rutland*, I will pity thee.

Cl. Where's Captain *Margaret*, to fence you now?

War. They mock thee *Clifford*,
Swear as thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an Oath! Nay, then the World goes hard,
When *Clifford* cannot spare his Friends an Oath:
I know by that he's dead, and by my Soul,
If this right Hand would buy but two hours Life,
That I, in all despight, might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing Blood
Stifle the Villain, whose unflinched thirst
Tork, and young *Rutland* could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the Traitor's Head,
And rear it in the place your Father's stands,
And now to *London* with triumphant march,
There to be crowned *England's* Royal King:
From whence shall *Warwick* cut the Sea to *France*,
And ask the Lady *Bona* for thy Queen.
So shalt thou sinew both these Lands together,
And having *France* thy Friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd Foe, that hopes to rise again:
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet

Yet look to have them buz to offend thine Ears.

First will I see the Coronation,

And then to *Britany* I'll cross the Sea,

To effect this Marriage, so it please my Lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet *Warwick*, let it be;

For on thy Shoulder do I build my Seat.

And never will I undertake the thing

Wherein thy Counsel and Consent is wanting.

Richard, I will create thee Duke of *Glo'ster*,

And *George* of *Clarence*; *Warwick* as our self

Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of *Clarence*, *George* of *Glo'ster*,

For *Glo'ster's* Dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish Observation:

Richard, be Duke of *Glo'ster*: Now to *London*,

To see these honours in Possession. [Exeunt.]



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Sinklo, and Humphry, with Cross Bows in their Hands.

Sink. UNDER this thick grown brake we'll shrowd our selves;

For through this Laund anon the Deer will come,

And in this covert will we make our stand,

Culling the principal of all the Deer.

Hum. I'll stay above the Hill, so both may shoot.

Sink. That cannot be, the noise of thy Cross-bow

Will scare the Herd, and so my shoot is lost:

Here stand we both, and aim we at the best,

And; for the Time shall not seem tedious,

I'll tell thee what befel me on a Day,

In this self-place, where now we mean to stand.

Sink. Here comes a Man, let's stay till he be past,

Enter King Henry with a Prayer-Book.

K. Hen. From *Scotland* am I stol'n even of pure Love,

To greet mine own Land with my wishful Sight:

No *Harry*, *Harry*, 'tis no Land of thine,

Thy place is fill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee,

Thy

Thy Balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed,
 No bended Knee will call thee *Cæsar* now,
 No humble Suitors press to speak for right :
 No, not a Man comes for redress to thee ;
 For how can I help them, and not my self ?

Sink. Ay, here's a Deer, whose Skin's a Keeper's Fee ;
 This is the *quondam* King, let's seize upon him.

K. Henry. Let me embrace the four Adversaries,
 For wise Men say, it is the wisest Course.

Hum. Why linger we ? let us lay Hands upon him.

Sink. Forbear a while, we'll hear a little more.

K. Henry. My Queen and Son are gone to *France* for
 aid :

And, as I hear, the great commanding *Warwick*
 Is thither gone, to crave the *French* King's Sister
 To Wife for *Edward*. If this News be true,
 Poor Queen and Son, your labour is but lost :
 For *Warwick* is a subtle Orator ;
 And *Lewis* a Prince soon won with moving Words :
 By this account then *Margaret* may win him,
 For she's a Woman to be pitied much :
 Her Sighs will make a Batt'ry in his Breast,
 Her Tears will pierce into a Marble Heart :
 The Tyger will be mild while she doth mourn ;
 And *Nero* will be tainted with remorse,
 To hear and see her Complaints, her brinish Tears.
 Ay, but she's come to beg, *Warwick* to give :
 She on his left Side craving Aid for *Henry* ;
 He on his right, asking a Wife for *Edward*.
 She weeps, and says, her *Henry* is depos'd ;
 He smiles, and says, his *Edward* is install'd ;
 That she, poor Wretch, for grief can speak no more :
 Whiles *Warwick* tells his Title, smooths the Wrong,
 Interreth Arguments of mighty Strength,
 And in conclusion wins the King from her,
 With promise of his Sister, and what else,
 To strengthen and support King *Edward's* Place.
 O *Margaret*, thus 'twill be, (and thou poor Soul)
 Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

Hum. Say what art thou that talk'st of Kings and
 Queens ?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to ;

A Man at least, for less I shou'd not be;
And Men may talk of Kings, and why not I?

Hum. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a King.

K. Henry. Why so I am, in Mind and that's enough.

Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crown?

K. Henry. My Crown is in my Heart, not on my Head:
Not deck'd with Diamonds, and *Indian Stones*;
Not to be seen: My Crown is call'd *Content*,
A Crown it is that seldom Kings enjoy.

Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,
Your Crown Content, and you, must be contented
To go along with us. For, as we think,
You are the King, King *Edward* hath depos'd:
And we his Subjects, sworn in all Allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his Enemy.

K. Henry. But did you never swear and break an Oath?

Hum. No, never such an Oath, nor will not now.

K. Henry. Where did you dwell when I was King of
England?

Hum. Here in this Country, where we now remain.

K. Henry. I was anointed King at nine Months old,
My Father and my Grandfather were Kings;
And you were sworn true Subjects unto me.
And tell me then, have you not broke your Oaths?

Sink. No, For we were Subjects but while you were a
King.

K. Henry. Why, am I dead? do not I breathe a Man?
Ah simple Men, you know not what ye swear:
Look, as I blow this Feather from my Face,
And as the Air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my Wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the Lightness of you common Men.
But do not break your Oath, for of that Sin
My mild intreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will the King shall be commanded,
And be you Kings, command, and I'll obey.

Sink. We are true Subjects to the King,
King Edward.

K. Henry. So would you be again to *Henry*,
If he were seated as *King Edward* is.

Sink.

Sink. We charge you in God's Name and in the King's
To go with us unto the Officers.

K. Henry. In God's Name lead, your King's Name be
obey'd,

And what God will, that let your King perform,
And, what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Lady Gray.

K. Edw. Brother of *Gloster*, at *St. Alban's* Field
This Lady's Husband, *Sir Richard Gray*, was slain,
His Land then seiz'd on by the Conqueror:
Her Suit is now to repossess those Lands,
Which we in Justice cannot well deny,
Because in Quarrel of the House of *Tork*,
The worthy Gentleman did loose his Life.

Glo. Your Highness will do well to grant her Suit:
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less, but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. Yea! is it so?

I see the Lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble Suit.

Clar. He knows the Game, how true he keeps the
Wind?

Glo. Silence.

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your Suit,
And come, some other time, to know our Mind.

Gray. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brook delay,
May it please your Highness to resolve me now,
And what your Pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

Glo. Ay, Widow! then I'll warrant you all your Lands,
And if what pleases him, shall please you:

Fight closer, or good faith you'll catch a Blow.

Clar. I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

Glo. God forbid that, for he'll take vantages.

K. Edw. How many Children hast thou, Widow? tell
me.

Clar. I think he means to beg a Child of her.

Glo. Nay then whip me; he'll rather give her two.

Gray. Three, my most gracious Lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him,

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should loose their Father's
Lands.

Gray. Be pitiful, dread Lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw.

The Third Part of

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave, I'll try this Widow's wit.
Glo. Ay, good leave have you, for you will have leave,
 'Till Youth take leave, and leave you to the Crutch.

K. Edw. Now tell me, Madam, do you love your Children.

Gray. Ay, full as dearly as I love my self.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

Gray. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your Husband's Lands, to do them good.

Gray. Therefore I came unto your Majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these Lands are to be got.

Gray. So shall you bind me to your Highness Service.

K. Edw. What Service wilt thou do me if I give them?

Gray. What you command that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take Exceptions at my boon.

Gray. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

Gray. Why then I will do what your Grace commands.

Glo. He plies her hard, and much Rain wears the Marble.

Clar. As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

Gray. Why stops my Lord? shall I not hear my Task?

K. Edw. An ealy Task, 'tis but to love a King.

Gray. That's soon perform'd, because I am a Subject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy Husband's Lands I freely give thee.

Gray. I take my leave with many thousand Thanks.

Glo. The match is made, she seals it with a Curtsie.

K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of Love I mean.

Gray. The fruits of Love I mean, my loving Liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me in another Sense.

What Love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

Gray. My Love 'till Death, my humble Thanks, my Prayers.
 That Love which Virtue begs, and Virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such Love.

Gray. Why then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my Mind.

Gray. My Mind will never grant what I perceive
 Your Highness aims at, if I am aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lye with thee.

Gray. To tell you plain, I had rather lye in Prison.

K. Edw. Why then thou shalt not have thy Husband's
 Lands.

Gray. Why then mine honesty shall be my Dower.

For

For by that Loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy Children mightily.

Gray. Herein your Highness wrongs both them and me:

But, mighty Lord, this merry inclination

Accords not with the sadness of my Suit;

Please you dismiss me, either with Ay, or No.

K. Edw. Ay? if thou wilt say Ay to my request;

No; if thou dost say No to my demand.

Gray. Then No, my Lord; my Suit is at an end.

Glo. The Widow likes him not, she knits her Brows.

Clar. He is the bluntest Wooer in Christendom.

K. Edw. Her Looks do argue her repleat with Modesty,

Her words do shew her Wit incomparable,

All her Perfections challenge Sovereignty,

One way or other she is for a King,

And she shall be my Love, or else my Queen.

Say, that King *Edward* take thee for his Queen?

Gray. 'Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord?

I am a Subject fit to jest withal,

But far unfit to be a Sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet Widow, by my State I swear to thee,

I speak no more than what my Soul intends,

And that is, to enjoy thee for my Love.

Gray. And that is more than I will yield unto.

I know I am too mean to be your Queen,

And yet too good to be your Concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, Widow, I did mean my Queen.

Gray. 'Twill grieve your Grace, my Sons shall call you Father.

K. Edw. No more than when my Daughters call thee Mother.

Thou art a Widow, and thou hast some Children,

And by God's Mother, I being but a Batchelor,

Have other some. Why, 'tis a happy thing,

To be the Father unto many Sons:

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queen.

Glo. The Ghostly Father now hath done his Shrift.

Clar. When he was made a Shriver, it was for a shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what Chat we two have had.

Glo. The Widow likes it not, for she looks sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange, if I should marry her.

Clar.

Clar. To whom, my Lord?

K. Edward. Why *Clarence*, to my self.

Glo. That would be ten days wonder at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a Wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the Wonder in extreams.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, Brothers, I can tell you both,
Her Suit is granted for her Husband's Lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious Lord, *Henry* your Foe is taken,
And brought your Prisoner to your Palace Gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:
And go we Brothers, to the Man that took him,
To question of his Apprehension.

Widow, go you along: Lords, use her honourably.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Gloucester.

Glo. Ay, *Edward* will use Women honourably.
Would he were wasted, Marrow, Bones, and all,
That from his Loirs no hopeful Branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for:
And yet, between my Soul's desire and me,
The lustful *Edward's* Title buried,
Is, *Clarence*, *Henry*, and his Son young *Edward*,
And all the unlook'd for Issue of their Bodies,
To take their Rooms ere I can place my self:
A cold premeditation for my purpose.
Why then I do but dream on Sovereignty,
Like one that stands upon a Promontory,
And spys a far-off shore, where he would tread,
Wishing his Foot were equal with his Eye,
And chides the Sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the Crown, being so far off,
And so I chide the means that keep me from it,
And so (I say) I'll cut the Causes off,
Flattering me with Impossibilities:
My Eye's too quick, my Heart o'er-weens too much,
Unless my Hand and Strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no Kingdom then for *Richard*:
What other pleasure can the World afford?
I'll make my Heaven in a Lady's lap,
And deck my Body in gay Ornaments,

And

And 'twich sweet Ladies with my Words and Looks.
 Oh miserable thought! and more unlikely,
 Than to accomplish twenty Golden Crowns.
 Why, Love forswore me in my Mother's Womb:
 And, for I should not deal in her soft Laws,
 She did corrupt frail Nature with some Bribe,
 To shrink mine Arm like to a wither'd shrub,
 To make an envious Mountain on my Back,
 Where sits Deformity to mock my Body;
 To shape my Legs of an unequal size,
 To disproportion me in every part:
 Like to a Chaos, or unlick'd Bearwhelp
 That carries no impression like the Dam.
 And am I then a Man to be lov'd?
 Oh monstrous Fault, to harbour such a Thought.
 Then since this Earth affords no Joy to me,
 But to command, to check, to o'er-bear such
 As are of better Person than my self;
 I'll make my Heaven to dream upon the Crown,
 And whiles I live t'account this World but Hell,
 Until my mis-shap'd Trunk that bears this Head,
 Be round impaled with a glorious Crown.
 And yet I know not how to get the Crown,
 For many Lives stand between me and home:
 And I, like one lost in a thorny Wood,
 That rents the Thorns and is rent with the Thorns,
 Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
 Not knowing how to find the open Air,
 But toiling desperately to find it out,
 Torment my self to catch the *English* Crown;
 And from that torment I will free my self,
 Or hew my way out with a bloody Ax.
 Why I can smile, and murther whiles I smile,
 And cry, Content, to that which grieves my Heart,
 And wet my Cheeks with artificial Tears,
 And frame my Face to all Occasions.
 I'll drown more Sailors than the Mermaid shall,
 I'll slay more Gazers than the Basilisk,
 I'll play the Orator as well as *Nestor*,
 Deceive more sily than *Ulysses* could,
 And like a *Sinon*, take another *Troy*,
 I can add Colours to the Camelion,

Change

Change shapes with *Proteus* for Advantages,
 And let the murtherous *Matchevil* to School.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a Crown?
 Tut, were it further off, I'll pluck it down.

[Exit,

S C E N E II.

Flurish. Enter King Lewis, Bona, Bourbon, Prince of
 Wales, Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford, Lewis
 sits, and riseth up again.

K. Lew. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
 Sit down with us; it ill befits thy State,
 And Birth, that thou should'st stand, while Lewis sits.

Queen. No, mighty King of France; now Margaret
 Must strike her Sail, and learn a while to serve,
 Where Kings command. I was, I must confess,
 Great *Albion's* Queen, in former golden Days:
 But now mischance hath trod my Title down,
 And with dishonour laid me on the Ground,
 Where I must take like seat unto my Fortune,
 And to my humble seat conform my self.

K. Lew. Why say, fair Queen, whence springs this deep
 despair?

Queen. From such a cause as fills mine Eyes with
 Tears,
 And stops my Tongue, while my Heart's drown'd in Cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thy self,
 And sit thee by our side. [Seats her by him.
 Yield not thy Neck to Fortune's yolk,
 But let thy dauntless Mind still ride in triumph
 Over all mischance.

Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy Grief,
 It shall be eas'd, if France can yield Relief.

Queen. Those gracious Words revive my drooping
 Thoughts,

And give my Tongue-ty'd Sorrows leave to speak.
 Now therefore be it known to Noble Lewis,
 That Henry, sole possessor of my Love,
 Is, of a King, become a banish'd Man,
 And forc'd to live in Scotland a Forlorn;
 While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of York,
 Usurps the Regal Title, and the Seat

Of

Of *England's* true anointed lawful King.
This is the Cause that I, poor *Margaret*,
With this my Son Prince *Edward*, *Henry's* Heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful Aid:
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done,
Scotland hath Will to help, but cannot help:
Our People, and our Peers, are both mil-led,
Our Treasure seiz'd, our Soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, our selves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned Queen, with patience calm the Storm,

While we bethink a means to break it off.

Queen. The more we stay, the stronger grows our Foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Queen. Oh, but impatience waiteth on true Sorrow.
And see where comes the Breeder of my Sorrow.

Enter Warwick.

K. Lew. What's he approacheth boldly to our Presence?

Queen. Our Earl of *Warwick*, *Edward's* greatest Friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave *Warwick*, what brings thee to France. [*He descends. She ariseth.*]

Queen. Ay, now begins a second Storm to rise,
For this is he that moves both Wind and Tide.

War. From worthy *Edward*, King of *Albion*,
My Lord and Sovereign, and thy vowed Friend,
I come (in Kindness and unfeigned Love)
First to do greetings to thy Royal Person,
And then to crave a League of Amity;
And lastly, to confirm that Amity
With Nuptial Knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady *Bona*, thy fair Sister,
To *England's* King in lawful Marriage.

Queen. If that go forward, *Henry's* hope is done.

War. And gracious Madam, [*Speaking to Bona:*]
In our King's behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your Hand, and with my Tongue
To tell the passion of my Sovereign's Heart;
Where Fame, late entring at his heedful Ears,
Hath plac'd thy Beauty's Image, and thy Virtue.

Queen. King *Lewis*, and Lady *Bona*, hear me speak,
Before

Before you answer *Warwick*. His demand
 Springs not from *Edward's* well-meant honest Love,
 But from Deceit, bred by Necessity:
 For how can Tyrants safely govern home,
 Unless abroad they purchase great Alliance?
 To prove him Tyrant, this reason may suffice,
 That *Henry* liveth still; but were he dead,
 Yet here Prince *Edward* stands, King *Henry's* Son.
 Look therefore *Lewis*, that by this League and Marriage
 Thou draw not on thy Danger and Dishonour:
 For tho' Usurpers sway the Rule a while,
 Yet Heavens are just, and Time suppresseth Wrongs.

War. Injurious *Margaret*.

Prince. And why not Queen.

War. Because thy Father *Henry* did usurp,
 And thou no more art Prince than she is Queen.

Oxf. Then *Warwick* disanuls great *John of Gaunt*,
 Which did subdue the greatest part of *Spain*;
 And after *John of Gaunt*, *Henry* the Fourth,
 Whose Wisdom was a Mirror to the wisest;
 And after that wise Prince, *Henry* the Fifth,
 Who by his Prowess conquered all *France*:
 From these our *Henry* lineally descends.

War. *Oxford*, how haps it in this smooth Discourse,
 You told not, how *Henry* the Sixth hath lost
 All that, which *Henry* the Fifth had gotten;
 Methinks these Peers of *France* should smile at that.
 But for the rest; you tell a Pedigree
 Of threescore and two Years, a silly time
 To make prescription for a Kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why *Warwick*, canst thou speak against thy Liege
 Whom thou obey'dst thirty and six Years,
 And not bewray thy Treason with a blush?

War. Can *Oxford*, that did ever fence the right,
 Now buckler falsehood with a Pedigree?
 For shame leave *Henry*, and call *Edward* King.

Oxf. Call him my King, by whose injurious doom
 My elder Brother, the Lord *Aubrey Vere*
 Was done to Death? and more than so, my Father,
 Even in the downfall of his mellow'd Years,
 When Nature brought him to the door of Death?
 No *Warwick*, no; while Life upholds this Arm,

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This Arm upholds the House of *Lancaster*.

War. And I the House of *Tork*.

K. Lew. Queen *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford*
Vouchsafe at our request, to stand aside.

While I use farther Conference with *Warwick*.

[*They stand aloof.*]

Queen. Heaven's grant that *Warwick's* Words bewitch
him not.

K. Lew. Now *Warwick*, tell me even upon thy Conscience.
Is *Edward* your true King? for I were loth
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my Credit, and mine Honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the Peoples Eyes?

War. The more, that *Henry* was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further; all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth, the measure of his love
Unto our Sister *Bona*.

War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a Monarch like himself:
My self have often heard him say and swear,
That this his Love was an external Plant,
Whereof the Root was fix'd in Virtue's ground,
The Leaves and Fruit maintain'd with Beauty's Sun,
Exempt from Envy, but not from Dildain,
Unless the Lady *Bona* quit his pair.

K. Lew. Now Sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine.
Yet I confess, that often ere this Day,

[*Speaks to Warwick.*]

When I have heard your King's desert recounted,
Mine Ear hath tempted Judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then *Warwick*, this:
Our Sister shall be *Edward's*.
And now forthwith shall Articles be drawn,
Touching the Jointure that your King must make,
Which with her Dowry shall be conterpois'd.
Draw near, Queen *Margaret*, and be a witness,
That *Bona* shall be Wife to th' *English* King.

Prince. To *Edward*, but not to the *English* King.

Queen. Deceitful *Warwick*, it was thy device,
By this Alliance to make void my Suit;
Before thy coming, *Lewis* was *Henry's* Friend.

K. Lew.

K. Lew. And still is Friend to him and *Margaret*;
But if your Title to the Crown be weak,
As may appear by *Edward's* good Success;
Then 'tis but reason that I be releas'd
From giving Aid, which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my Hand,
That your Estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. *Henry* now lives in *Scotland* at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing he can lose.
And as for you your self, our *quondam* Queen,
You have a Father able to maintain you,
And better it were you troubled him, than *France*.

Queen. Peace impudent and shameless *Warwick*, peace,
Proud setter up and puller down of Kings,
I will not hence, 'till with my Talk and Tears
(Both full of Truth) I make King *Lewis* behold
Thy sly Conveyance, and thy Lord's false Love.

[*Post* blowing a Horn within.

For both of you are Birds of self-same Feather.

K. Lew. *Warwick*, this is some Post to us, or thee.

Enter a Post.

Post. My Lord Ambassador,
These Letters are for you; [To *Warwick*.
Sent from your Brother, Marquis *Montague*.
These from our King unto your Majesty. [To *K. Lew*.
And Madam, these for you, [To the *Queen*.
From whom I know not. [They all read their Letters.

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair Queen and Mistress
Smiles at her News, while *Warwick* frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how *Lewis* stamps as he were nettled.

I hope all's for the best.

K. Lew. *Warwick*, what are thy News?
And yours, fair Queen?

Queen. Mine such as fills my Heart with unhop'd Joys,
War. Mine full of Sorrow, and Heart's Discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your King married the Lady *Gray*?
And now, to sooth your Forgery and his,
Sends me a Paper to perswade me Patience?
Is this Alliance that he seeks with *France*?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Queen

Queen. I told your Majesty as much before;
This proveth *Edward's* Love, and *Warwick's* Honesty.

War. King *Lewis*, I here proteit in sight of Heav'n,
And by the hope I have of Heav'nly Bliss,
That I am clear from this Misdeed of *Edward's*;
No more my King: for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his Shame.
Did I forget, that by the House of *Turk*
My Father came untimely to his Death?
Did I let pass th' abuse done to my Niece?
Did I impa'e him with the Regal Crown?
Did I put *Henry* from his Native Right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last with Shame?
Shame on himself, for my Desert is Honour.
And to repair my Honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to *Henry*.
My noble Queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true Servitor:
I will revenge his Wrong to Lady *Bona*,
And replant *Henry* in his former state.

Queen. *Warwick*,
These Words have turn'd my Hate to Love,
And I forgive, and quite forget old Faults,
And Joy that thou becom'st King *Henry's* Friend.
War. So much his Friend, ay, his unfeigned Friend,
That if King *Lewis* vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few Bands of chosen Soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our Coast,
And force the Tyrant from his Seat by War.
'Tis not his new-made Bride shall succour him:
And as for *Clarence*, as my Letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton Lust than Honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our Country.

Bona. Dear Brother, how shall *Bona* be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed Queen?

Queen. Renowned Prince, how shall poor *Henry* live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel, and this *English* Queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady *Bona*, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and *Margaret's*.
Therefore at last, I firmly am resolv'd

You shall have Aid.

Queen. Let me give humble Thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then *England's* Messenger, return in Post,
And tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,
That *Lewis* of *France*, is sending over Maskers
To revel it with him, and his new Bride.

Thou seest what's past, go fear thy King withal.

Bona. Tell him in hope he'll prove a Widower
shortly.

I wear the Willow Garland for his sake.

Queen. Tell him my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put Armor on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll Uncrown him e'er't be long.

There's thy Reward, be gone. [Exit Post.

K. Lew. But *Warwick*,

Thou and *Oxford*, with five thousand Men
Shall cross the Seas, and bid false *Edward* Battel:

And as occasion serves, this Noble Queen

And Prince shall follow with a fresh supply.

Yet e'er thou go, but answer me one doubt:

What Pledge have we of thy firm Loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant Loyalty,
That if our Queen and this young Prince agree,

I'll join my eldest Daughter, and my Joy,

To him forthwith, in holy wedlock Bands.

Queen. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your Motion,
Son *Edward*, she is Fair and Virtuous,

Therefore delay not, give thy Hand to *Warwick*,

And with thy Hand, thy Faith irrevocable,

That only *Warwick's* Daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it,
And here to pledge my Vow, I give my Hand.

[He gives his Hand to *Warwick*.

K. Lew. Why stay we now? these Soldiers shall be levy'd,

And thou Lord *Bourbon*, our high Admiral,

Shall wait them over with our Royal Fleet.

I long 'till *Edward* fall by War's Mischance,

For mocking Marriage with a Dame of *France*.

[Exeunt. Manet *Warwick*.

War. I came from *Edward* as Ambassador,

But I return his sworn and mortal Foe:

Matters

Matters of Marriage was the Charge he gave me,
But dreadful War shall answer his demand,
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I, shall turn his Jest to Sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the Crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity *Henry's* Misery;
But seek Revenge on *Edward's* Mockery.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset and Montague.

Glo. **N**OW tell me, Brother *Clarence*, what think you
Of this new Marriage with the Lady *Gray*?
Hath not our Brother made a worthy Choice?

Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to *France*,
How could he stay 'till *Warwick* made return?

Som. My Lords, forbear this talk: Here comes the King.

Flourish. *Enter King Edward, Lady Gray as Queen,*
Pembrook, Stafford, and Hastings; Four stand on one
side, and four on the other.

Glo. And his well-chosen Bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw. Now, Brother of *Clarence*,
How like you our Choice,
That you stand pensive as half Malecontent?

Clar. As well as *Lewis* of *France*,
Or the Earl of *Warwick*,
Which are so weak of Courage, and in Judgment,
That they'll take no Offence at our Abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take Offence without a Cause:
They are but *Lewis* and *Warwick*, I am *Edward*,
Your King and *Warwick's*, and must have my Will.

Glo. And you shall have your Will, because our King.
Yet hasty Marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yes, Brother *Richard*, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I; no:
God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together.

Ay, and 'twere pity to sunder them,
That yolk so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your Scorns, and your Millike aside,
Tell me some Reason, why the Lady *Gray*
Should not become my Wife, and *England's* Queen?
And you too, *Somerſet* and *Mountague*,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is my Opinion;
That King *Lewis* becomes your Enemy,
For mocking him about the Marriage
Of the Lady *Bona*.

Glo. And *Warwick*, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now diſhonoured by this new Marriage,

K. Edw. What, if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be ap-
peas'd,
By ſuch invention as I can deviſe?

Mont. Yet to have join'd with *France* in ſuch Al-
liance,
Would more have ſtrength'n'd this our Commonwealth,
'Gainſt foreign Storms, than any home-bred Marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not *Mountague* that of it ſelf
England is ſafe, if true within it ſelf?

Mont. Yes, but the ſafer, when 'tis back'd with
France.

Hast. 'Tis better uſing *France*, than truſting *France*
Let us be back'd with God, and with the Seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their Helps only defend our ſelves :
In them, and in our ſelves, our Safety lyes.

Clar. For this one Speech, Lord *Hastings* well deſerves
To have the Heir of the Lord *Hungerford*.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my Will and Grant,
And for this once my Will ſhall ſtand for Law.

Glo. And yet methinks your Grace hath not done well,
To give the Heir and Daughter of Lord *Scales*
Unto the Brother of your loving Bride ;
She better would have fitted me or *Clarence* ;
But in your Bride you bury Brotherhood.

Clar. Or elſe you would not have beſtow'd the Heir
Of the Lord *Bonvill* on your new Wife's Son,
And leave your Brothers to go ſpeed elſewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor *Clarence* ; is it for a Wife

That

That thou art Malecontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In chusing for your self,
You shew'd your Judgment;
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the Broker in my own behalf;
And to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King;
And not be ty'd unto his Brother's Will.

L. Gray. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Majesty
To raise my State to Title of a Queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess,
That I was not ignoble of Descent,
And meaner than my self have had like Fortune.
But as this Title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my Joys with Danger, and with Sorrow.

K. Edw. My Love forbear to fawn upon their Frowns,
What Danger, or what Sorrow can befall thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy constant Friend,
And their true Sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my Hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the Vengeance of my Wrath.

Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Post.

K. Edw. Now Messenger, what Letters, or what
News from *France*?

Post. My Sovereign Liege, no Letters, and few Words
But such as I (without your special Pardon)
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go too, we pardon thee:
Therefore, in brief, tell their Words:
As near as thou canst guess them.
What Answer makes King *Lewis* unto our Letters?

Post. At my depart, these were his very Words;
Go tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,
That *Lewis* of *France* is sending over Maskers,
To revel it with him, and his new Bride.

K. Edw. Is *Lewis* so brave? belike he thinks me *Henry*.
But what said Lady *Bona* to my Marriage?

Post. These were her Words, utter'd with mild Dis-
dain!

Tell him, in hope he'll prove a Widower shortly,
I'll wear the Willow Garland for his sake.

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said *Henry's* Queen?
For so I heard that she was there in place.

Poff. Tell him (quoath she)
My mourning Weeds are done,
And I am ready to put Armour on.

K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the *Amazon*.
But what said *Warwick* to these injuries?

Poff. He, more incens'd against your Majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these Words;
Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him e'er't be long.

K. Edw. Ha? durst the Traitor breath out so proud
Words?

Well, I will Arm me, being thus fore-warn'd :
They shall have Wars, and pay for their Presumption,
But say, is *Warwick* Friends with *Margaret*?

Poff. Ay, gracious Sovereign,
They are so link'd in Friendship,
The young Prince *Edward* marries *Warwick's* Daughter.

Clár. Belike the elder ;
Clarence will have the younger.
Now brother King farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to *Warwick's* other Daughter,
That though I want a Kingdom, yet in Marriage
I may not prove inferior to your self.
You that love me, and *Warwick*, follow me.
[Exit *Clarence*, and *Somerfet* fellows.]

Glc. Not I :
My Thoughts aim at a further Matter :
I stay not for the love of *Edward*, but the Crown. [Aside.]

K. Edw. *Clarence* and *Somerfet* both gone to *Warwick*?
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desprate Case !

Pembrock and *Stafford*, you in our behalf
Go levy Men, and make prepare for War ;
They are already, or quickly will be landed :
My self in Person will wait follow you.

[Ex. *Pembrock* and *Stafford*.]
But ere I go, *Hastings* and *Mentague*

Resolve

Resolve my doubt, you twain of all the rest
Are near to *Warwick*, by Blood and by Alliance:
Tell me, if you love *Warwick* more than me;
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather wish you Foes than hollow Friends.
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me Assurance with some friendly Vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Men. So God help *Montague*, as he proves true.

Hast. And *Hastings*, as he favours *Edward's* Cause.

K. Edw. Now, Brother *Richard*, will you stand by us?

Gle. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why so, then am I sure of Victory.

Now therefore let us hence, and lose no Hour,
'Till we meet *Warwick*, with his Foreign Powe. [Exe.

Enter *Warwick* and *Oxford* in England, with French
Soldiers.

War. Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,
The common People by numbers swarm to us.

Enter *Clarence* and *Somerſet*.

But see where *Somerſet* and *Clarence* come;
Speak suddenly, my Lords, are we all Friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my Lord,

War. Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome unto *Warwick*,
And welcome *Somerſet*: I hold it Cowardize,
To rest mistrustful, where a noble Heart
Hath pawn'd an open Hand in sign of Love.
Else might I think, that *Clarence*, *Edward's* Brother,
Were but a feigned Friend to our Proceedings.
But welcome sweet *Clarence*, my Daughter shall be thine.
And now, what rests? but in Night's Coverture,
Thy Brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His Soldiers lurking in the Town about,
And but attended by a simple Guard,
We may surprize and take him at our Pleasure.
Our Scouts have found the Adventure very easy:
That as *Ulyſſes*, and stout *Diomedes*
With slight and manhood stole to *Rhesus* Tents,
And brought from thence the *Thracian* fatal Steeds;
So we, well covered with the Night's black Mantle,
At unawares may beat down *Edward's* Guard,

And seize himself: I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprize him,
You that will follow me to this Attempt
Applaud the Name of *Henry*, with your Leader.

[*They all cry Henry.*

Why then, let's on our way in silent sort;
For *Warwick* and his Friends, God and Saint *George*.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Watchmen to guard the King's Tent.

1 *Watch.* Come on, my Masters, each Man take his
Stand,

The King by this has set him down to sleep.

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to Bed?

1 *Watch.* Why no; for he hath made a solemn Vow,
Never to lye and take his natural Rest,
'Till *Warwick*, or himself be quite suppress.

2 *Watch.* To morrow then belike shall be the Day,
If *Warwick* be so near as Men report.

3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what Nobleman is that,
That with the King here resteth in his Tent?

1 *Watch.* 'Tis the Lord *Hastings*, the King's chiefest
Friend.

3 *Watch.* O, is it so; but why commands the King,
That his chief Followers lodge in Towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold Field?

2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more Honour, because the more dan-
gerous.

3 *Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness,
I like it better than a dangerous Honour.

If *Warwick* knew in what Estate he stands,

'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1 *Watch.* Unless our Halberds did shut up his Passage.

2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we this Royal
Tent,

Put to defend his Person from Night-foes?

*Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and French
Soldiers, silent all.*

War. This is his Tent, and see where stands his Guard:
Courage, my Masters: Honour now or never:
But follow me, and *Edward* shall be ours.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there?

2 *Watch.*

2 Watch. Stay, or thou diest.

Warwick and the rest cry all, Warwick, Warwick, and set upon the Guard, who fly, crying Arms, Arms; Warwick and the rest following them.

The Drum beating, and Trumpets sounding.

Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out in a Gown, sitting in a Chair; Glo'ister and Hastings flying over the Stage.

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard and Hastings, let them go, here is the Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke?

Why Warwick, when we parted
Thou call'st me King?

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd.
When you disgrac'd me in my Embassade,
Then I degraded you from being King.
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas, how should you govern any Kingdom,
That know not how to use Ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one Wife,
Nor how to use your Brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the People's Welfare,
Nor how to shrowd your self from Enemies.

K. Edw. Yea, Brother of Clarence,
Art thou here too?
Nay, then I see, that Edward must needs down.
Yet Warwick, in despite of all Mischance,
Of thee thy self, and all thy Complices,
Edward will always bear himse'f as King:
Though Fortune's Malice overthrow my State,
My Mind exceeds the Compass of her Wheel.

War. Then for his Mind be Edward England's King.

[Takes off his Crown.]

Put Henry now shall wear the English Crown,
And be true King indeed, thou but a Shadow.
My Lord of Somerset, at my Request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd,
Unto my Brother Archbishop of York:
When I have fought with Pembroke and his Fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis and the Lady Bona sent to him.

Now for a while farewell good Duke of *York*.

[*They lead him out forcibly.*]

K. Edw. What Fates impose, that Men must needs abide;

It boots not to resist both Wind and Tide. [*Exeunt.*]

Oxf. What now remains, my Lords, for us to do,
But march to *London* with our Soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do,
To free King *Henry* from Imprisonment,
And see him seated in the Regal Throne. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Rivers and the Lady Gray.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

La. Gray. Why Brother *Rivers* are you yet to learn
What late Misfortunes has befalln King *Edward*?

Riv. What ! loss of some pitcht Battel
Against *Warwick*?

La. Gray. No, but the Loss of his own Royal Person.

Riv. Then is my Sovereign slain?

La. Gray. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken Prisoner.
Either betray'd by falshood of his Guard,
Or by his Foe surpriz'd at unawares:
And as I further have to understand,
Is now committed to the Bishop of *York*,
Fell *Warwick's* Brother, and by that our Foe.

Riv. These News I must confess are full of Grief:
Yet gracious Madam, bear it as you may,
Warwick may loose, that now hath won the Day.

La. Gray. Till then fair Hope, must hinder Life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from Despair
For Love of *Edward's* Off-spring in my Womb:
This is it that makes me bridle in my Passion,
And bear with mildness my Misfortune cross:
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a Tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking Sighs,
Lest with my Sighs or Tears, I blast or drown
King *Edward's* fruit, true Heir to th' *English* Crown.

Riv. Eut Madam,
Where is *Warwick* then become?

La. Gray. I am inform'd that he comes towards *London*.

To set the Crown once more on *Henry's* Head :
 Guess thou the rest, King *Edward's* Friends must down.
 But to prevent the Tyrant's Violence,
 For trust not him that hath once broken Faith;
 I'll hence forthwith unto the Sanctuary,
 To save at least, the Heir of *Edward's* Right;
 There shall I rest secure from force and fraud :
 Come therefore let us fly, while we may fly,
 If *Warwick* take us, we are sure to die. [Exeunt.]

Enter Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Glo. Now, my Lord *Hastings*, and Sir *William Stanley*,
 Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
 Into this chiefest Thicket of the Park.
 Thus stands the Case : you know our King, my Brother,
 Is Prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose Hands
 He hath good Usage, and great Liberty,
 And often but attended with weak Guard,
 Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
 I have advertiz'd him by secret Means,
 That if about this hour he make this way,
 Under the Colour of his usual Game,
 He shall here find his Friends with Horse and Men,
 To set him free from his Captivity.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him.

Hunt. This way, my Lord,
 For this way lies the Game.

Edw. Nay this way *Man*,
 See where the Huntsmen stand.
 Now Brother of *Gloster*, Lord *Hastings* and the rest;
 Stand you thus close to steal the Bishop's Deer ?

Glo. Brother the time and case requireth haste,
 Your Horse stands ready at the Park Corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then ?

Hunt. To *lyn*, my Lord,
 And slip from thence to *Flanders*.

Glo. Well guess, believe me, for that was my Meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will require thy forwardness.

Glo.

The Third Part of

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou?

Wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then away, let's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop farewel,

Shield thee from *Warwick's* frown

And pray that I may repossess the Crown. [Exeunt.

Enter *King Henry*, *Clarence*, *Warwick*, *Somerfet*, young
Richmond, *Oxford*, *Montague*, and *Lieutenant of the*
Tower.

K. Henry. Mr. Lieutenant, now that God and Eriends
Have shaken *Edward* from the Regal Seat,
And turn'd my captive State to Liberty.

My Fear to hope, my Sorrows unto Joys,
At our Enlargement what are thy due Fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their Sov'
reigns,

But, if an humble Prayer may prevail,
I then crave Pardon of your Majesty.

K. Henry. For what, Lieutenant? For well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my Imprisonment a Pleasure:
Ay, such a Pleasure, as incaged Birds
Conceive; when after many moody thoughts,
At last, by Notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of Liberty.

But *Warwick*, after God, thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore, I thank God and thee:
He was the Author, thou the Instrument.

I therefore that I may conquer Fortune's spight,
By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me.
And that the People of this blessed Land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting Stars,
Warwick, although my Head still wear the Crown,
I here resign my Government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy Deeds.

War. Your Grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous,
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding Fortune's Malice,
For few Men rightly temper with the Stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,

For chusing me, when *Clarence* is in place.

Clar. No, *Warwick*, thou art worthy of the sway;
To whom the Heav'ns in thy Nativity,
Adjudg'd an Olive Branch, and Lawrel Crown.
As likely to be blest in Peace and War:

And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I chuse *Clarence* only for Protector.

K. Hen. *Warwick* and *Clarence*, give me both your Hands.
Now join your Hands, and with your Hands your Hearts.
That no Dissention hinder Government:

I make you both Protectors of this Land,
While I my self will lead a private Life,
And in Devotion spend my latter Days,
To fins rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers *Clarence* to his Sovereign's Will?

Clar. That he consents, if *Warwick* yield consent,
For on thy fortune I repose my self.

War. Why then, though loath, yet must I be content:
We'll yolk together, like a double shadow
To *Henry's* Body, and supply his Place;
I mean in bearing weight of Government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease,
And *Clarence*, now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a Traitor,
And all his Lands and Goods confiscated.

Clar. What else? and that Succession be determined.

War. Ay, therein *Clarence* shall not want his part.

K. Henr. But with the first, of all our chief Affairs,
Let me intreat, for, I command no more,
That *Margaret* your Queen, and my Son *Edward*,
Be sent for to return from *France* with speed;
For 'till I see them here, by doubtful fear,
My Joy of Liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my Sovereign, with all speed.

K. Henry. My Lord of *Somerset*, what Youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My Leige, it is young *Henry*, Earl of *Richmond*.

K. Henry. Come hither *England's* hope:

[Lays his Hands on his Head.

If secret Powers suggest but truth
To my divining Thoughts,

This

This pretty Lad will prove our Country's bliss.
 His Looks are full of peaceful Majesty,
 His Head by nature fram'd to wear a Crown,
 His Hand to wield a Scepter, and himself
 Likely in time to bless a Regal Throne :
 Make much of him, my Lords; for this is he
 Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

War. What News, my Friend ?

Post. That *Edward* is escaped from your Brother,
 And fled, as he hears since, to *Burgundy*.

War. Unfavorable News ; but how made he escape ?

Post. He was convey'd by *Richard*, Duke of *Gloster*,
 And the Lord *Hastings*, who attended him
 In secret ambush, on the Forest side,
 And from the Bishop's Huntsmen rescu'd him :
 For Hunting was his daily Exercise.

War. My Brother was too careless of his charge.
 But let us hence, my Sovereign, to provide
 A Salve for any Sore ; that may betide. [*Exeunt.*]

Manet Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of *Edward's* :
 For doubtless *Burgundy* will yield him help,
 And we shall have more Wars before't be long.
 As *Henry's* late presaging Prophecy
 Did glad my Heart, with hope of this young *Richmond* :
 So doth my Heart mis-give me, in these Conflicts
 What may befall him, to his harm and ours.
 Therefore, Lord *Oxford*, to prevent the worst,
 Forthwith we'll send him hence to *Britany*,
 'Till storms be past of civil Enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if *Edward* re-possess the Crown,
 'Tis like that *Richmond*, with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so ; he shall to *Britany*.

Come therefore, let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Hastings, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Now Brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest.
Yet thus far Fortune maketh us amends,
And says, that once more I shall interchange
My wained State, for Henry's Regal Crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the Seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy.
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurg Haven, before the Gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedom?

Glo. The Gates made fast?
Brother, I like not this.
For many Men that stumble at the Threshold,
Are well foretold, that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush. Man, abroadments must not now af-
fright us.
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our Friends repair to us.

Hast. My Liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter on the Walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

Mayor. My Lords,
We were fore-warned of your coming,
And shut the Gates, for safety of our selves;
For now we owe Allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, Master Mayor, if Henry be your King,
Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.

Mayor. True, my good Lord, I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

Glo. But when the Fox has once got in his Nose,
He'll soon find means to make the Body follow. [*Aside.*

Hast. Why, Master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the Gates, we are King Henry's Friends.

Mayor. Ay, say you so? the Gates shall then be opened.
[*He defends.*

Glo. A wise stout Captain, and soon persuaded.

Hast. The good old Man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not long of him; but being entred,

I doubt not I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his Brothers unto Reason.

Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen.

K. Edw. So, Master Mayor; these Gates must not be shut,
But in the Night, or in the time of War.
What, fear not Man, but yield me up the Keys,

[Takes his Keys.]

For *Edward* will defend the Town and thee.
And all those Friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter Montgomery, with Drum and Soldiers.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir *John Montgomery*,
Our trusty Friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edward. Welcome Sir *John*; but why come you in Arms?

Mont. To help King *Edward* in his time of storm,
As every loyal Subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good *Montgomery*:
But we now forget our Title to the Crown,
And only claim our Dukedom,
'Till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again,
I came to serve a King, and not a Duke:
Drummer strike up, and let us March away.

[The Drum begins a March.]

K. Edw. Nay stay, Sir *John*, a while, and we'll debate
By what safe means the Crown may be recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few Words,
If you'll not here proclaim your self our King,
I'll leave you to your Fortune, and be gone,
To keep them back, that come to Succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no Title?

Glo. Why Brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger,
Then we'll make our claim;
'Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous Wit, now Arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless Minds climb soonest unto Crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand,
The bruit thereof will bring you many Friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And *Henry* but usurps the Diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my Sovereign speaketh like himself,
And now will I be *Edward's* Champion.

Hast.

King HENRY VI.

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Hast. Sound Trumpet, *Edward* shall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow Soldier, make thou Proclamation. [*Flourish.*

Sold. *Edward the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of*
England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.

Mont. And whoso'er gain-says King *Edward's* right,
By this I challenge him to single Fight.

[*Throws down his Gauntlet.*

All. Long live *Edward* the Fourth.

K. Edw. Thanks, brave *Montgomery*;
And thanks unto you all.

If Fortune serve me, I'll requite this Kindness.

Now for this Night, let's harbour here at *Tork*:

And when the Morning Sun shall raise his Car

Above the Border of this Horizon,

We'll forward towards *Warwick*, and his Mates;

For well I wot, that *Henry* is no Soldier.

Ah froward *Clarence*, how evil it beseems thee,

To flatter *Henry*, and forsake thy Brother?

Yet as we may, we'll meet both thee and *Warwick*.

Come on brave Soldiers; doubt not of the Day,

And that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King *Henry*, *Warwick*, *Montague*, *Clarence*, *Ox-*
ford, and *Somerfet*.

War. What Counsel, Lords? *Edward* from *Belgia*,

With hasty *Germans*, and blunt *Hollanders*

Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow Seas,

And with his Troops doth march amain to *London*,

And many giddy People flock to him.

K. Henry. Let's levy Men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little Fire is quickly trodden out,

Which being suffer'd, Rivers cannot quench.

War. In *Warwickshire* I have true hearted Friends,

Not mutinous in Peace, yet bold in War,

Those will I muster up; and thou, Son *Clarence*,

Shalt stir up in *Suffolk*, *Norfolk*, and in *Kent*,

The Knights and Gentlemen to come with thee.

Thou Brother *Montague* in *Buckingham*,

Northampton, and in *Leicestershire* shalt find

Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st.

And thou, brave *Oxford*, wondrous well-belov'd,

In *Oxfordshire* shalt muster up thy Friends.

My

My Sovereign, with the loving Citizens,
Like to his Island, girt with the Ocean,
Or modest *Dian*, circled with her Nymphs,
Shall rest in *London*, 'till we come to him:
Fair Lords take leave, and stand not to reply.
Farewel my Sovereign.

K. Henry. Farewel my *Hector*, and my *Trey*'s true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your Highness Hand.

K. Henry. Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate.

Mont. Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I seal my Truth, and bid adieu.

K. Henry. Sweet *Oxford*, and my loving *Montague*,
And all at once, once more a happy farewel.

War. Farewel, sweet Lords, let's meet at *Coventry*.

[*Exeunt*]

K. Henry. Here at the Palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of *Exeter*, what thinks your Lordship?
Methinks, the Power that *Edward* hath in Field,
Shall not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Henry. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me
fame:

I have not stopt mine Ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their Suits with slow delays,
My pity hath been Balm to heal their Wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling Grievs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing Tears.
I have not been desirous of their Wealth.
Nor much oppress'd them with great Subsidies,
Nor forward of Revenge, though they much err'd.
Then why should they love *Edward* more than me?
No, *Exeter*, these Graces challenge Grace:
And when the Lyon fawns upon the Lamb,
The Lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within.* A Lancaster! a Lancaster!

Exe. Hark, hark, my Lord, what Shouts are these?

Enter King Edward and his Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd *Henry*, bear him
hence,

And once again proclaim us King of *England*.

You are the Fount, that make small Brooks to flow:

Now stops thy Spring, my Sea shall suck them dry.

And

And swell so much the higher, by their ebb.
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not speak.

[Exit with King Henry.]

And Lords, towards Coventry bend we our Course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
The Sun shines hot, and if we use delay,
Cold biting Winter mars our hop'd-for Hay.

Glo. Away betimes before his Forces join,
And take the great grown Traitor unawares:
Brave Warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[Exeunt.]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers
and others upon the Walls.

War. **W**Here is the Post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy Lord, mine honest Fellow?

1 Mes. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our Brother Montague?
Where is the Post that came from Montague?

2 Mes. By this at Daintry, with a puissant Troop.
Enter Somervile.

War. Say Somervile, what says my loving Son?
And by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Somerv. At Southam I did leave him with his Forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his Drum.

Somerv. It is not his, my Lord, here Southam lyes:
The Drum your Honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? Belike, unlook'd for
Friends.

Somerv. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.
March. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and
Soldiers.

K. Edw. Go, Trumpet, to the Walls, and sound a Parle.

Glo. See how the surly Warwick mans the Wall.

War. Oh unbid Spight, is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our Scouts, or how are they seduc'd,

That

That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now *Warwick*, wilt thou ope the City Gates,
Speak gentle Words, and humbly bend thy Kree,
Call *Edward* King, and at his Hands beg Mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these Outrages?

War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy Forces hence,
Confess who set thee up, and pluck'd thee down,
Call *Warwick* Patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of *Tork*.

Glo. I thought at least he would have said the King,
Or did he make the Jest against his will?

War. Is not a Dukedom, Sir, a goodly Gift?

Glo. Ay, by my Faith, for a poor Earl to give:
I'll do thee service for so good a Gift?

War. 'Twas I that gave the Kingdom to thy Brother,

K. Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwick's* Gift.

Glo. Thou art no *Atlas* for so great a weight:
'And Weakling *Warwick* takes his Gift again,
And *Henry* is my King, *Warwick* his Subject.

K. Edw. But *Warwick's* King is *Edward's* Prisoner:
'And gallant *Warwick*, do but answer this,
What is the Body, when the Head is off?

Glo. Alas, that *Warwick* had no more fore-cast,
But whiles he thought to steal the single Ten,
The King was sily finger'd from the Deck:
You left poor *Henry* at the Bishop's Palace,
And ten to one you'll met him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so, yet you are *Warwick* still.

Glo. Come *Warwick*,
Take the time, kneel down, kneel down:
Nay when; strike now, or else the Iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy Face,
Than bear so low a Sail, to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst,
Have Wind and Tide thy Friend,
This Hand, fast wound about thy Coal-black Hair,
Shall, whiles thy Head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the Dust this Sentence with thy Blood,
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with Drum and Colours.

War. O chearful Colours, see where *Oxford* comes.

Oxf.

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster.

Glo. The Gates are open, let us enter too.

*K. Edw. So other Foes may set upon our Backs.
Stand we in good Array; for they no doubt
Will issue out again, and bid us Battel:
If not, the City being but of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the Traitors in the same.*

War. Oh welcome Oxford, for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, with Drum and Colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster.

*Glo. Thou and thy Brother both shall buy this Treason
Even with the dearest Blood your Bodies bear.*

*K. Edw. The harder match'd the greater Victory,
My Mind presageth happy Gain, and Conquest.*

Enter Somerset, with Drum and Colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster.

*Glo. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their Lives unto the House of York,
And thou shalt be the third, if this Sword hold.*

Enter Clarence, with Drum and Colours.

*War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his Brother Battel:
With whom an upright Zeal to right prevails
More than the Nature of a Brother's Love.
Come Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.*

*Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
Look here, I throw my Infamy at thee:
I will not ruin my Father's House,
Who gave his Blood to lime the Stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trowest thou Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal Instruments of War.
Against his Brother, and his lawful King?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy Oath:
To keep that Oath were more Impiety,
Than *Jephthah's*, when he sacrific'd his Daughter.
I am so sorry for my Trespas made,
That to deserve well at my Brother's Hands,
I here proclaim my self thy mortal Foe:
With Resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)
To plague thee for thy foul mis-leading me.*

And

And so proud-hearted *Warwick*, I defie thee,
And to my Brother turn my blushing Cheeks.
Pardon me, *Edward*, I will make amends :
And *Richard*, do not frown upon my Faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never had'st deserv'd our Hate.

Glo. Welcome, good *Clarence*, this is Brother-like.

War. O passing Traitor, perjur'd and unjust.

K. Edw. What *Warwick*,
Wilt thou leave the Town and fight ?
Or shall we beat the Stones about thine Ears ?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence :
I will away towards *Barnet* presently,
And bid thee Battle, *Edward*, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes *Warwick*, *Edward* dares, and leads the way :
Lords to the Field ; *St. George* and Victory. [Exit.

March. *Warwick and his Company follow.*

Alarum and Excursions. Enter *Edward* bringing forth
Warwick wounded.

K. Edw. So, lyethou there ; diethou, and die our fear,
For *Warwick* was a Bug that scar'd us all.

Now *Montague* sit fast, I seek for thee,
That *Warwick's* Bones may keep thine Company. [Exit.

War. Ah, who is nigh ? Come to me, Friend or Foe,
And tell me who is Victor, *Tork*, or *Warwick* ?
Why ask I that ? my mangled Body shews,
My Blood, my want of Strength, my sick Heart shews,
That I must yield my Body to the Earth,
And by my fall, the conquest to my Foe.
Thus yields the Cedar to the Ax's edge,
Whose Arms gave shelter to the Princely Eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping Lion slept,
Whose top-branch over peer'd *Jove's* spreading Tree,
And kept low Shrubs from Winter's powerful wind.
These Eyes that now are dim'd with Death's black Veil,
Have been as piercing as the Mid-day Sun,
To search the secret Treasons of the World :
The wrinkles in my Brows, now fill'd with Blood,
Were lik'ned oft to Kingly Sepulchres :
For who liv'd King but I could dig his Grave ?
And who durst smile, when *Warwick* bent his brow ?

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Lo, now my Glory smear'd in Dust and Blood,
My Parks, my Walks, my Manors that I had,
Even now forsake me? and of all my Lands,
Is nothing left me, but my Body's length.
Why, what is Pomp, Rule, Reign, but Earth and Dust?
And live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah *Warwick*, *Warwick*, wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our Loss again:
The Queen from *France* hath brought a puissant Power,
Even now we heard the News: Ah, could'st thou fly!

War. Why then I would not fly. Ah *Montague*,
If thou be there, sweet Brother, take my Hand,
And with thy Lips keep in my Soul a while.
Thou lov'st me not; for, Brother, if thou didst,
Thy Tears would wash this cold congealed Blood,
That glews my Lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly *Montague*, or I am dead.

Som. Ah *Warwick*, *Montague* hath breath'd his last,
And to the latest gasp, cry'd out for *Warwick*:
And said, commend me to my valiant Brother.
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a Cannon in a Vault,
That mought not be distinguish'd; but at last,
I well might hear delivered with a Groan,
O farewell *Warwick*.

War. Sweet rest his Soul;
Fly Lords, and save your selves,
For *Warwick* bids you all farewell, to meet in Heaven. [*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queen's great Power.

Here they bear away his Body. [*Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph, with Gloucester,
Clarence, and the rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our Fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of Victory;
But in the midst of this bright-shining Day,
I spy a black suspicious threatening Cloud,
That will encounter with our Glorious Sun,
Ere he attain his easeful Western Bed:
I mean, my Lords, those Powers that the Queen
Hath rais'd in *Gallia*, have arriv'd our Coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar.

Clar. A little Gale will soon disperse that Cloud,
And blow it to the Source from whence it came;
Thy very Beams will dry those Vapours up,
For every Cloud engenders not a Storm.

Glo. The Queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And *Somerset*, with *Oxford*, fled to her;
If she hath time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her Faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving Friends,
That they do hold their course toward *Tewksbury*.
We having now the best at *Barnet Field*,
Will thither straight, for willingness rides away,
And as we march, our strength will be augmented,
In every County as we go along:

Strike up the Drum, cry Courage and away. [*Exeunt.*]

March. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales, Somerset,
Oxford, and Soldiers

Queen. Great Lords, wise Men ne'er sit and wail their
But cheerly seek how to redress their Harms. [*Lois,*]
What though the Mast be now blown over-board,
The Cable broke, the holding Anchor lost,
And half our Sailors swallow'd in the Flood?
Yet lives our Pilot still. Is't meet that he
Should leave the Helm, and like a fearful Lad,
With fearful Eyes add Water to the Sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much,
Whiles in his moan, the Ship splits on the Rock,
Which Industry and Courage might have sav'd?
Ah what a Shame, ah what a Fault were this!
Say, *Warwick* was our Anchor; what of that?
And *Montague* our Top-mast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd Friends, the Tackles; what of these?
Why is not *Oxford* here another Anchor?
And *Somerset*, another goodly Mast?
The Friends of *France* our Shrowds and Tacklings?
And though unskillful, why not *Ned* and I;
For once allow'd the skillful Pilot's Charge?
We will not from the Helm to sit and weep,
But keep our Course, though the rough Wind say no,
From Shelves and Rocks, that threaten us with Wra
As good to chide the Waves, as speak them fair.
And what is *Edward*, but a ruthless Sea?

What

What *Clarence*, but a Quick sand of Deceit?
 And *Richard*, but a ragged fatal Rock?
 All these, the Enemies to our poor Bark.
 Say you can swim, alas, 'tis but a while;
 Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly sink;
 Bestride the Rock, the Tide will wash you off,
 Or else you famish, that's a threefold Death.
 This speak I, Lords, to let you understand,
 In case some one of you would fly from us,
 That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,
 More than with ruthless Waves, with Sands and Rocks.
 Why courage then, what cannot be avoided,
 'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks a Woman of this valiant Spirit
 Should, if a Coward heard her speak these words,
 Infuse his Breast with Magnanimity,
 And make him, naked, foil a Man at Arms.
 I speak not this, as doubting any here:
 For did I but suspect a fearful Man,
 He should have leave to go away betimes,
 Lest in our need he might infect another,
 And make him of like Spirit to himself,
 If any such be here, as God forbid,
 Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and Children of so high a Courage,
 And Warriors faint! why 'twere perpetual Shame.
 Oh brave young Prince! thy famous Grandfather
 Doth live again in thee; long may'st thou live,
 To bear his Image, and renew his Glories.

Som. And he that will not fight for such a Hope,
 Go home to Bed, and like the Owl by Day,
 If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Queen. Thanks, gentle *Somerset*, sweet *Oxford* thanks.

Prin. And take his Thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you, Lords, for *Edward* is at hand
 Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less; it is his Policy,
 To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.

Queen. This cheers my Heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our Battel, hence we will not budge.

D

March.

March. Enter King Edward, Glo'ster, Clarence, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Brave Followers, yonder stands the thorny Wood,
Which, by the Heav'ns Assistance, and your Strength,
Must, by the Roots, be hewn up yet ere Night.
I need not add more Fuel to your Fire,
For well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out:
Give Signal to the Fight, and to it, Lords.

Queen. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say.

My Tears gain-say; for every Word I speak,
Ye see I drink the Water of my Eye:
Therefore, no more of this; *Henry*, your Sovereign,
Is Prisoner to the Foe, his State usurp'd,
His Realm a Slaughter-house, his Subjects slain,
His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treasure spent:
And yonder is the Wolf, that makes this Spoil.
You fight in Justice: Then in God's Name, Lords,
Be valiant, and give Signal to the Fight.

Alarum, Retreat, Excursions.

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, &c. The Queen, Oxford, and Somerset Prisoners.

K. Edw. Now here's a Period of tumultuous Broils.
Away with *Oxford* to *Hammes* Castle straight:
For *Somerset*, off with his guilty Head.
Go bear them hence, I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with Words.
Som. Nor I, but stoop with Patience to my Fortune.

[*Exeunt.*]

Queen. So part we sadly in this troublous World,
To meet with Joy in sweet *Jerusalem*.

K. Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds *Edward*.

Shall have a high Reward, and he his Life?

Glo. It is, and lo where youthful *Edward* comes.

Enter the Prince of Wales.

K. Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let us hear him speak,
What? can so young a Thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what Satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing Arms, for stirring up my Subjects,
And all the Trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince.

Prince. Speak like a Subject, proud ambitious *York*.
Suppose that I am now my Father's Mouth,
Relign thy Chair, and where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same Words to thee,
Which, Traitor, thou would'st have me answer to.

Queen. Ah! that thy Father had been so resolv'd.

Glo. That you might still have worn the Petticoat,
And ne'er have stoln the Breech from *Lancaster*.

Prince. Let *Æsop* Fable in a Winter's Night,
His Curriish Riddles sort not with this Place.

Glo. By Heaven, Brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

Queen. Ay, thou wast born to be a Plague to Men.

Glo. For God's sake take away this captive Scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding Crook-back, rather!

K. Edw. Peace, wilful Boy, or I will charm your Tongue.

Cl. Untutor'd Lad, thou art too Malapert.

Prince. I know my Duty, you are all undutiful:
Lascivious *Edward*, and thou perjur'd *George*,
And thou mis-shapen *Dick*, I tell ye all,
I am your better, Traitors as ye are.

And thou usurp'st my Father's Right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this Railer here.

[*Stabs him.*]

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy Agony.

[*Rich. Stabs him.*]

Clar. And there's for twitting me with Perjury.

[*Clar. stabs him.*]

Queen. Oh, kill me too.

Glo. Marry, and shall.

[*Offers to kill her.*]

K. Edw. Hold, *Richard*, hold, for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the World with words?

K. Edw. What? doth she swoon? use Means for her Recovery.

Glo. *Clarence*, excuse me to the King my Brother:
I'll hence to *London* on a serious Matter,
Ere ye come there, besure to hear some News.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. Tower, the Tower.

[*Exit.*]

Queen. Oh, *Ned*, sweet *Ned*, speak to thy Mother, Boy.
Can'st thou not speak? O Traitors, Murderers;
They that stabb'd *Cæsar*, shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

If this foul Deed were by, to equal it.

He was a Man; this (in respect) a Child,
And Men ne'er spend their Fury on a Child.

What's worse than Murtherer, that I may name it?

No, no, my Heart will burst, and if I speak——

And I will speak, that so my Heart may burst.

Butcher and Villains, bloody Cannibals,

How sweet a Plant have you untimely cropt;

You have no Children, Butchers; if you had,

The thought of them would have stir'd up Remorse;

But if you ever chance to have a Child,

Look in his Youth to have him so cut off,

As deathmen you have rid this sweet young Prince.

K. Edw. Away with her, go bear her hence by force.

Queen. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here:
Here sheath thy Sword, I'll pardon thee my Death:

What? Wilt thou not? then *Clarence* do it thou.

Clar. By Heav'n, I will not do thee so much Ease.

Queen. Good *Clarence* do, sweet *Clarence* do thou do it?

Clar. Did'st thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Queen. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thy self:

'Twas Sin before, but now 'tis Charity.

What, wilt thou not? where is that Devil's Butcher *Richard*?

Hard-favour'd *Richard*? *Richard*, where art thou?

Thou art not here: Murther is thy Almsdeed.

Petitioner for Blood thou ne'er pull'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say, I charge ye bear her hence.

Queen. So come to you and yours, as to this Prince.

[Exit *Queen*.]

K. Edw. Where's *Richard* gone?

Cl. To *London* all in post, and as I can guess,
To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his Head,
Now march we hence, discharge the common sort

With pay and thanks, and let's away to *London*,

And see our gentle *Queen* how well she fares.

By this, I hope, she hath a Son for me.

[Exeunt.]

Enter King Henry, and Gloucester, with the Lieutenant
on the Tower Walls.

Glo. Good day, my Lord, what at your Book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good Lord; my Lord, I should say rather,
'Tis sin to flatter, Good was little better:

Good

Good *Gloster*, and the Devil, were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not Good Lord.
Glo. Sirrah, leave us to our selves, we must confer.

[*Exeunt Lieutenant.*]

K. Henry. So flies the wreakless Shepherd from the Wolf,
So first the harmless Flock doth yield his Fleece,
And next his Throat unto the Butcher's Knife.
What Scene of Death hath *Rossius* now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty Mind,
The Thief doth fear each Bush an Officer.

K. Henry. The Bird that hath been limed in a Bush,
With trembling Wings misdoubteth every Bush;
And I, the hapless Male to one sweet Bird,
Have now the fatal Object in my Eye,
Where my poor young was limb'd, was caught and kill'd.

Glo. Why what a peevish Fool was that of *Creet*,
That taught his Son the Office of a Fowl?
And yet, for all his Wings, the Fool was drown'd.

K. Henry. I, *Dedalus*; my poor Boy, *Icarus*;
Thy Father, *Minos*, that deny'd our Course;
The Sun that fear'd the Wings of my sweet Boy,
Thy Brother *Edward*; and thy self, the Sea,
Whose envious Gulf did swallow up his Life:
Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with Words,
My Breast can better brook thy Dagger's Point,
That can my Ears that tragick History.
But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my Life?

Glo. Think'st thou I am an Executioner?

K. Henry. A Persecutor I am sure thou art;
If murdering Innocents be Executing,
Why then thou art an Executioner.

Glo. Thy Son I kill'd for his Presumption.

K. Henry. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst
presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a Son of mine:
And thus I prophetic, that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my Fear,
And many an old Man's Sigh, and many a Widow's,
And many an Orphan's water-standing Eye,
Men for their Sons, Wives for their Husbands fate,
And Orphans for their Parents timeless Death,
Shall rue the Hour that ever thou wast born.

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And yet, for all his Wings, the Fool was drown'd.

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Thy Father, *Mines*, that deny'd our Course;
The Sun that fear'd the Wings of my sweet Boy,
Thy Brother *Edward*; and thy self, the Sea,
Whose envious Gulf did swallow up his Life:
Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with Words,
My Breast can better brook thy Dagger's Point,
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And many an Orphan's water-standing Eye,
Men for their Sons, Wives for their Husbands fate,
And Orphans for their Parents timeless Death,
Shall rue the Hour that ever thou wast born.

The

The Owl shriek'd at thy Birth, an evil sign,
 The Night-Crow cry'd, aboding luckless time
 Dogs howl'd, and hideous Tempest shook down Trees;
 The Raven rook'd her on the Chimney's top,
 And chattering Pyes in dismal Discords sung:
 Thy Mother felt more than a Mother's Pain,
 And yet brought forth less than a Mother's Hope,
 To wit, an indigested deform'd Lump,
 Not like the Fruit of such a goodly Tree,
 Teeth hadst thou in thy Head when thou wast born,
 To signifie thou can'st to bite the World:
 And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
 Thou can'st——

Glo. I'll hear no more:

Die, Prophet, in thy Speech; [Stabs him.
 For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Henry. Ay, and for much more Slaughter after this—
 O God, forgive my Sins, and pardon thee. [Dies.

Glo. What? will th' aspiring Blood of *Lancaster*
 Sink in the Ground? I thought it would have mounted,
 See how my Sword weeps for the poor King's Death.
 O may such purple Tears be alway shed
 From those who wish the downfall of our House.
 If any spark of Life be yet remaining,
 Down, down to Hell, and say I sent thee thither,
 [Stabs him again.

I that have neither Pity, Love, nor Fear.
 Indeed 'tis true that *Henry* told me of:
 For I have often heard my Mother say,
 I came into the World with my Legs forward.
 Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
 And seek their Ruin, that usurp'd our Right?
 The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cry'd,
 O Jesus blebs us, he is born with Teeth!
 And so I was, which plainly signified,
 That I should snarle, and bite, and play the Dog:
 Then since the Heav'ns have shap'd my Body so,
 Let Hell make crook'd my Mind to answer it.
 I have no Brother, I am like no Brother,
 And this word (Love) which grey Beards call Divine,
 Be resident in Men like one another,
 And not in me: I am my self alone.

Clarence

King HENRY VI.

79

Clarence beware, thou keep'st me from the light,
But I will sort a pitchy Day for thee :
For I will buz abroad such Prophecies,
That *Edward* shall be fearful of his Life,
And then, to purge his Fear, I'll be thy Death,
King Henry, and the Prince his Son, are gone,
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest ;
Counting my self but bad, 'till I be best.
I'll throw thy Body in another room,
And triumph, *Henry*, in thy day of Doom.

[Exit.]

*Enter King Edward, Queen, Clarence, Gloucester,
Hastings, Nurse, and Attendants.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit on *England's* Royal Throne,
Re-purchas'd with the Blood of Enemies:
What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumn's Corn,
Have we mow'd down in top of all their Pride ?
Three Dukes of *Somerſet*, threefold Renown'd,
For hardy and undoubted Champions:
Two *Cliffords*, as the Father and the Son,
And two *Northumberlands* ; two braver Men,
Ne'er spur'd their Coursers at the Trumpets ſound.
With them, the two brave Bears, *Warwick* and *Montague*,
That in their Chains fetter'd the Kingly Lion,
And made the Forreſt tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we ſwept Suspicion from our Seat,
And made our Footſtool of Security.
Come hither, *Befs*, and let me kiſs my Boy :
Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Uncles, and my ſelf,
Have in our Armourſ watch'd the winter Night,
Went all a-foot in Summers ſcalding Heat,
That thou might'ſt repoſſeſs the Crown in peace,
And of our Labourſ thou ſhalt reap the Gain.

Glo. I'll blaſt his Harveſt, if your Head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on' in the World.

This Shoulder was ordain'd ſo thick, to heave,
And heave it ſhall ſome weight, or break my Back ;
Work thou the way, and that ſhall execute. [Aside.]

K. Edw. *Clarence* and *Gloſter*, love my lovely Queen,
And kiſs your Princely Nephew, Brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe your Maſteſty,

I

I seal upon the Lips of this sweet Babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble *Clarence*, worthy Brother, thanks.

Glo. And that I love the Tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving Kifs I give the Fruit:

To say the truth, so *Judas* kifs'd his Master, [Aside,
And cry'd, all hail, when as he meant all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my Soul delights,
Having my Country's peace, and Brothers love.

Clar. What will your Grace have done with *Margaret*?
Reignier her Father, to the King of *France*
Hath pawn'd the *Sicils* and *Jerusalem*,
And hither have they sent it for her Ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to *France*;
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately Triumphs, mirthful Comick Shows,
Such as befits the Pleasure of the Court?
Sound Drums and Trumpets, farewell sower Annoy,
For here, I hope, begins our lasting Joy.

[Exeunt omnes]

F I N I S.



